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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE main interest of the Balkan campaign centres in the Bulgarian advance on Adrianople. The official news from both sides is meagre, and there is no independent unofficial news whatever. The earliest news was of the easy capture, first of Mustapha Pasha and then of Chermen, which suggested a direct advance by the main road along the Maritza and the railway. On Wednesday, the capture of the Turkish redoubt on the Arda River was reported, which suggested an independent movement over the Rhodopé Mountains from the west, designed to attack Adrianople where it is weakest, on the south. By Thursday the engagement had become general along the whole line from Adrianople to Kirk-Kilissé and the sea. A Bulgarian column, making a wide detour, took Vasiliko on the coast, and then, marching inward, occupied Malko-Tirnovó, as though to take any Turkish reinforcements hurrying up to Kirk-Kilissé in flank. On Thursday night came the first really decisive news of the campaign—that, after a whole week of fighting, Kirk-Kilissé at length had fallen to the Bulgarian attack, with 1,200 prisoners, and many guns and stores.

It seems probable that the Bulgarians hoped for an easy march through Kirk-Kilissé, but the Turks regarded it as hardly second in importance to Adrianople, and seem to have been directing most of their reinforcements thither. It is generally assumed that the invaders took Kirk-Kilissé only in order to open a road (which happens to be a very bad road, well defended by forts) to Adrianople. But it is conceivable that they may intend to move directly southward in the hope of striking at Abdullah Pasha's force at Eski-Baba or Lulu-Burgas before it is completely concentrated. A diversion by the Turkish fleet, which manœuvred off Varna, failed to get the range of the town, and sailed off in fear of mines and torpedoes, seems to have been of little consequence.

THE Greek advance into Lower Macedonia has been rapid and enterprising. The main body marched through the Melouna Pass, while a flanking party of Highlanders skirmished to the west by way of Diskata. The town of Elassona, which served as Edhem Pasha's base in 1897, was taken by frontal attack. The Turks, who may have numbered 9,000 to 12,000 men, fell back on the defile of Sarantaporos, but here, too, they made only a brief stand. On Wednesday night the Crown Prince was able to telegraph that the important town of Servia (Selfidje) had also been taken. Greek accounts speak of the Turkish retreat as disorderly, and the official telegrams report the capture of twenty-two guns, with much material, and some men. The Greek vanguard has also crossed the River Vistritsa (Aliakmon), and seized the bridge which commands the road north-westwards towards Kojiani, Sorovitch, and Monastir. The Greeks have about 60,000 men in this region, and the Turks at most 40,000. There has also been an advance in Epirus for some twelve miles north of Arta towards Jannina. The Greek fleet has taken Lemnos, from which it can command the mouth of the Dardanelles, and render the Ægean unsafe for transports. We regret to see a report from Captain Buller, the "Mail" correspondent, that when the Greek army entered the town of Servia, they found that the retreating Turks had butchered seventy women and children.

MEANWHILE, the Montenegrins are bombarding the Turkish trenches on Mount Tarabosch, which commands Scutari. It is said that Turkish reinforcements have arrived. In Kossovo and Novi Bazar three columns are fighting for the League. Of the Montenegrin force which took Berane last week nothing further has been heard. One Servian column has taken the town of Novi Bazar at the southern limit of the Sanjak. Another Servian column has occupied the town of Prishtina, and there reached the railway leading from Mitrovitza to Uskub. These three columns have all done surprisingly well, but it is not known how far they have been seriously opposed by large Turkish regular forces.

THE advance of the First Servian Army, some 70,000 strong, down the Morava River, along the Nish-Salonica Railway to Uskub, entered its critical phase on Thursday. The Servians had reached the little market-town of Kumanovo, and may have intended to

wait there for some portion of the Serbo-Bulgarian column which invaded Macedonia from Kustendil in Bulgaria by the Palanka Pass. Zeki Pasha, however, took the offensive and attacked them in or near Kumanovo. There has been heavy fighting, resulting in a definite Servian success, and the capture of the town. The Servian message reports the Turks in full flight, and the Servian army in positions between Kumanovo and Uskub. It is not at all clear what the other columns are doing which crossed the Bulgarian frontier into Macedonia at three points. Djuma-bala, Kotchana, and Kratova have all been occupied, and from the lie of the country and the roads this suggests three further lines of march: (1) the Kumanovo movement; (2) on Koprülü, below Uskub; and (3) down the Struma to the Salonica-Constantinople railway line.

* * *

A REMARKABLE Unionist movement, which will, of course, grow with time, has set in for the adoption of Home Rule by compromise. It has found expression in an important manifesto, signed by twenty-four Irish Unionists, many of whose names the "Times" correspondent admits "carry weight in Ireland." They include Lord Dunraven, Lieut.-Colonel Hutcheson Poë, Sir Anthony Weldon, Lord Rossmore, Lord Fingall, and others. The manifesto criticises the Home Rule Bill, on the ground of faulty finance and an unsatisfactory franchise, usefully suggesting proportional representation as an alternative. It also urges the completion of land purchase by the Imperial Parliament, deprecating the revival of sectarian feeling, and denying all risk of "religious intolerance or civil oppression." This document was followed by a statement from distinguished ex-Unionists, including Lord Pirrie, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Sir West Ridgeway accepting the Home Rule Bill as an "honest endeavor to grapple with the problem," and declaring that Irish Government could not be remedied so long as it was entangled with British party politics. Finally, English Catholics, led by Lord Edward Talbot, are beginning to protest sharply against the spirit of the Ulster campaign, declaring that the most "narrow-minded ignorance and bigotry" were being enlisted in the cause of Unionism.

* * *

THE Government's Parliamentary attitude has been most conciliatory. They have made some considerable advances to the Opposition, whose now dominant Ulster contingent receives them with affected scorn and real anger. On Monday, Mr. Campbell proposed to treat Trinity College, Dublin, and Queen's University, Belfast, as reserved subjects. Mr. Redmond generously said that if any body of his countrymen came forward and asked for such a safeguard, "in God's name," let them have it, much as he deplored and resented their attitude. The Ulstermen received Mr. Birrell's assent with rather vulgar laughter. On the other hand, the Government resisted Mr. Goldman's proposal to except factory and workshop legislation from the powers of the Dublin Parliament. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald shrewdly pointed out that this meant putting Belfast labor in the hands of Belfast capital, whose doings we know. The amendment was supported by Mr. Balfour, on the ground that the Irish Parliament would be mainly represented by small farmers, unfitted to control industry, and we should have long hours and bad conditions in Ireland, competing with shorter hours and a higher standard in Britain. Sir John Simon retorted, neatly, that Tory landlordism had always prided itself on the way in which it had kept Liberal capitalism in order.

It is not easy to discover the reasons that have led the Government to accept Mr. Campbell's amendment. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Moore both stated that they attached no value to the concession, while Professor Mahaffy has pointed out that there is a strong minority in Trinity College itself who look upon exemption from Irish control as a great danger to the future of Trinity College. Undoubtedly, the tradition of that corporation has been mainly Unionist and Protestant. But many Irish leaders, from Grattan and Emmet to Butt and Mr. Redmond, have been educated there, and it has always included a section of Home Rulers—both Protestant and Catholic. Moreover, its library is the only one in Ireland which enjoys the privilege of receiving free copies of every book published in the United Kingdom, and is, in this sense, a national institution. We fear that the exclusion will result in embittering political and religious feeling in a seat of learning in which every Irishman takes pride.

* * *

ON Tuesday another concession was made in the debate on the Third Clause. Mr. Birrell hinted that he was willing to remove the constitution of religious bodies from interference by the Irish Parliament, and also to give further protection to their property. On the other hand, the Government declined to add to the measure some words inserted in the Bill of 1893, prohibiting the Dublin Parliament from depriving people of life, liberty, or property without process of law. The amendment was refused, on the proper ground that, in Mr. Asquith's words, it would put the Judiciary above Parliament. The Government also refused to discourage the interesting and charming Gaelic movement, by suggesting, in terms, that it would be used as a political weapon. The important Clauses 2, 3, and 4, have now been passed, by majorities a little above or a little below 100. In spite of the pre-occupation of the hour, the debates should be carefully read.

* * *

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer announced his new offer to the doctors at a meeting of the Advisory Committee on Wednesday. It proves to be much more generous than the net advance of a shilling, which was popularly anticipated. It is really an advance of more than half-a-crown for each insured person. The precise figures, as stated by Mr. Lloyd George, are—7s. for the doctor, including extras and tuberculosis, 1s. 6d. for drugs, 6d. as an additional payment for drugs if the 1s. 6d. is exceeded, failing which the 6d. passes to the doctors. This is a total of 9s. a head, but there is also to be a central fund to meet epidemics involving an abnormal demand for drugs. The improved pay is properly given for improved service. The doctors are to issue certificates to enable insured persons to secure sickness or disablement benefit; they are to keep records of patients and of illnesses; and the Commissioners are to be responsible for a heightened standard of treatment and for surer diagnosis. On the whole, our medical syndicalists have done well.

* * *

IF these terms—which Mr. George properly described as liberal—are not accepted, a National Medical Service is to be organised, the capital idea of which the Chancellor sketched by applying it to a town of two hundred thousand inhabitants:—

"At the head of the service would be a principal medical officer, who would be responsible for the working of the service, and would be not only a skilled clinician thoroughly competent to supervise and appreciate the work of his subordinates, but also a highly efficient administrator. Immediately under him would be a

staff of skilled specialists, who would help the general practitioners of the service in any case of difficulty. Then would come the general practitioners of the service, of whom some would be junior practitioners, and others senior practitioners of wide experience. These would work on an organised system, proper provision being made for night calls and other emergencies, and they would be assisted by an efficient staff of nurses. Their work would be done under competent supervision, and they would be able promptly to secure skilled assistance in cases of difficulty. Such a service would naturally work in close co-operation with the public health authority and the education authority."

Sir Clifford Allbutt, in thanking the Chancellor, thought that the scheme ought to be acceptable to the profession, and that it would open a way to a series of medical crusades, beginning with tuberculosis. It is to be voted on at a representative meeting of the profession to be held in mid-November.

* * *

LORD ROBERTS made a pernicious speech at Manchester on Tuesday at a meeting of the National Service League. After asking Manchester to set aside the historical teaching of her great political apostles, Cobden and Bright, he pictured a Europe in which war would take place the moment the German forces were certain of victory by land and sea. Germany's "time-honored" foreign policy was—"Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck." British fleets had been gradually displaced before the German menace, until we had lost command of every sea but the North Sea. Germany aimed at a complete supremacy, which involved our existence as a free nation and Empire. Lord Roberts suggested that such organised piracy was "excellent policy," and was, or "should be," the policy of every nation that aspired to be great.

* * *

THE moral of all this was conscription, the territorial force being an acknowledged failure in numbers, equipment, and energy. Lord Roberts, after stating that he had just completed his eightieth year, added that his last words to them were—"Arm yourselves." We should have thought that an old man could have found better employment for his closing years on earth than in calling on two Christian peoples to spill each other's blood. We note that the speech was partly repudiated by Lord Derby and Bishop Welldon, who also spoke. Thursday's "Manchester Guardian" contains a formal protest against it, signed by twenty-six Labor and Liberal Members of Parliament.

* * *

THE Ottawa Cabinet has begun to go to pieces on the naval contribution issue. Mr. Borden means, apparently, to go on with his intention to give "immediate and effective aid" to the Imperial Navy—rumor speaks of three battleships—but he will not submit the matter to a Referendum of the Canadian electorate. As a consequence, Mr. Monks, the Quebec Nationalist leader, has left the Cabinet. He could hardly have done otherwise, for he fought and carried Quebec against the Liberals as an anti-Imperialist, and in opposition not merely to a direct naval contribution, but to any expenditure whatever on naval armaments. Hitherto Mr. Monks has been able to salve his conscience with the expectation that a Referendum would be taken before anything was done, for he knew, as everyone knows, that a large majority of the Canadian people would vote down any Navy project. His departure from the Cabinet will almost certainly be followed within a short time by the resignation of the other members of the Quebec contingent—Mr. Nantel and Mr. Pelletier.

THE concentration of capital into a few hands by the system of "interlocking" directorships, is a burning question in the United States, and some time ago a Committee of Congress started an investigation. Experts were set to work, and they now report that, by this "interlocking" system more than one-third (thirty-six per cent.) of all the active capital and resources of the United States have come under the control of two men—Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and Mr. J. D. Rockefeller. The joint assets of the Morgan-Rockefeller interests are said to amount to some eight thousand millions sterling (£7,942,067,000), of which, roughly, two-thirds are in railway, industrial, and public utility stock, and the remainder in oil and mines. They are not rival interests; indeed, we are told that the "big interests" in America, so far from being divided into hostile camps, follow a deliberate policy of working together. Meanwhile, the political side of this highly organised plutocracy is being revealed in the Senate inquiry into party funds. In the Presidential campaign of 1904, two-thirds of Mr. Roosevelt's colossal war fund was subscribed by the "big interests."

* * *

THE circumstances under which Mr. C. Arnold, editor of the "Burma Critic," has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for defaming a district magistrate call for investigation. Mr. Arnold took upon himself to denounce what he considered a grave scandal. An English planter was arrested on a charge of abducting and raping a Malay girl ten years old. He admitted that he had kept the girl in his house, and refused to allow her to leave it to visit her dying father or attend his funeral. The examining magistrate allowed bail, although abduction is called a non-bailable offence, and the Lieutenant-Governor refused to have the venue changed, although it was alleged that both the judge who was to try the case and the examining magistrate were personal friends of the accused. In the end, the planter was acquitted; but the decision is to be appealed against. These were the materials which, in Mr. Arnold's opinion, constituted a grave judicial scandal. He may have expressed himself recklessly or intemperately, and the planter may have been innocent of the offence charged against him. But a suspicion that race partiality influenced the trial cannot be dismissed at sight.

* * *

WE much regret to record the death of Lord Peel, at the age of eighty-three. Lord Peel had really three careers—the first as a Liberal member and a minor Minister; the second, and most important, as Speaker; and the third as the author of the famous Minority Report of the Licensing Commission and the leader of a new temperance movement. His Speakership will be remembered for its association with the earlier Home Rule Bills, and the second phase of militant Parliamentary Nationalism, and with the development of the closure. Personally, it was marked by a severe grace of deportment and a strong sense of the historic dignity of his office. His judgment was not invariably correct or even happy, but his personality was so fine and his appearance so noble that in sharp emergencies, like the fight on the floor of the House, he did much to maintain the right temper and spirit of Parliamentary government. He was a very sincere man, and feeling played a large part in his conduct and demeanor in the Chair, and sometimes ruffled his relations with the then Liberal Opposition. But he was a great public officer, governed, as his later life showed, by a deep and warm human sympathy.

Politics and Affairs.

BRITISH LIBERALISM AND THE WAR.

WITHIN the memory of men of middle-age, this is the third crisis through which Turkey has passed. In the first, which lasted from 1875 to 1878, English opinion was sharply divided into two camps. The Bulgarian massacres and Gladstone's pamphlet upon them appealed to the conscience of those who apply conscience to these matters, with a force seldom equalled before, and never since. Massacres in those days were new. We had not supped full of horrors, as the world has done since; and there arose, and took possession of a very large number of the people, a conviction that, at all costs, the Christian population must be rescued from continued oppression and repeated massacre, and that the only remedy was to expel the Turks, "bag and baggage," from Europe. This conviction was crossed and thwarted by the fear of Russian intervention, which, skilfully exploited by Lord Beaconsfield, brought the country to the verge of war on behalf of a power whose actions so large a number of the people utterly reprobated. The balance between the two forces is to be read in the Treaty of Berlin. There was no war, but, out of fear of Russia, the area of Bulgaria was circumscribed, and the Macedonian question, which causes the war to-day, was definitely raised. Nevertheless, the mind of the country, upon the whole, was with Gladstone, and the Bulgarian campaign was the beginning of the Liberal revival which culminated in 1880. In these days the division between the Liberal humanitarian feeling, on the one side, and the cynicism of diplomacy on the other, was clear-cut and indubitable. It took the form of an opposition between Russia and Turkey. Russia was still governed by a Tsar who had carried through the greatest social reform of the nineteenth century, and who, in spite of subsequent hesitation, might still be regarded as a liberal and progressive monarch. There was no reason at that time to doubt the value of the substitution of Russian for Turkish authority.

Time passed. The fear of intervention of Russia in the Balkans proved to have been vastly exaggerated. Eastern Roumelia joined Bulgaria. It became clear that the Balkan States were capable, under favorable circumstances, of holding their own, freed from the Turk, and of making rapid though not uninterrupted progress to civilisation. Bulgaria, in particular, gave ample proof of the internal force of her stock. But the scene of trouble shifted, and, with the unrest among the Armenians in the middle 'nineties, the second crisis arose. This unrest was answered by the series of massacres of 1894 and 1895, culminating in the bloodshed of Constantinople in 1896—massacres compared with which the sufferings of the Bulgarians pale. Once again the conscience of Britain and of Europe was stirred. But in the 'nineties this conscience was already feebler. Five-and-twenty years of militarism, the prestige of Bismarckian Real-politik, the ageing of Gladstone—upon whose personality all that was Liberal, all that was human, in international policy, had so largely depended—all these things told against intervention. Lord Salis-

bury was personally sympathetic; since the Berlin Congress he had learnt the error of his ways. A tincture of Liberalism still hung about our Foreign Office as long as a Conservative Minister held the reins of power. But, though sympathetic, Lord Salisbury was irresolute. He let the moment for isolated intervention pass, and the other Powers were frankly cynical. The entire upshot of the European agitation on behalf of the oppressed subjects of the Porte was the bombardment of the insurgent Cretans by the "Camperdown" in 1897. And it needed only the flight of the Greeks from the Melouna Pass to Larissa, and from Larissa to Domoko, to turn the defeat of the humanitarians into a rout.

Yet Lord Salisbury, in one of his most impressive speeches, had warned the Sultan that there was a power—some might call it the justice of God, others might conceive of it as the unalterable and irresistible tendency of things—to visit upon a nation the penalty of persistent, unrepentant injustice and oppression. This penalty fell upon Abdul Hamid in the revolution of the Young Turks. That movement, twelve years after the Armenian massacres, seemed for a moment to open a hope for escape for the oppressed Christian populations. But the Young Turks had only learnt half their lesson. The intellectuals among their leaders had been to school with the Positivists in Paris, but they had failed to learn in that school one of the greatest political lessons upon which Positivism is continually insisting. It is the distinction of Positivism to have stood for the rights of small nationalities, and to have insisted that the larger communities of the world should be conceived on spiritual rather than political lines. Had the Young Turks taken this lesson to heart, they would have understood that their policy lay in the development of Home Rule for the Christian provinces still owning the authority of the Sultan; that Home Rule might have been reconciled with Empire, and might have become the basis of a Balkan Federation which would have added a new and civilised power to the family of European nations. Justice must record that, if the Young Turks completely failed to read this lesson, it was not they only who were responsible. The Chancelleries of Europe, with their accustomed cynicism, took advantage of the disorganisation incident to revolution to press their claims. Austria declared the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Bulgaria, who should have acted in all such things with a single eye to the interests of her kinsfolk within Turkish territory, menaced Turkey by the declaration of absolute independence. Turkey felt herself threatened, as any nation under the same circumstances would have felt, and as in any nation under such circumstances Liberalism goes to the wall, so in Turkey it was the Nationalist and militant element in the revolution which gained the upper hand. Macedonia settled down to the old *régime* of oppression. No helping hand was held out from Europe, either to the Macedonians or to the Turkish Liberals. Italy made her unwarranted attack on Tripoli, with an acquiescence on the part of other Powers which it would not be too harsh to call connivance. The Turkish Government concentrated all its thoughts upon defence. Then came the Balkan League, and the third crisis, which is now upon us.

When we review this history we need not conclude that the sympathies of all impartial men will necessarily be so completely on one side as they have been in the two previous crises. Some will argue that the new system in Turkey has not had the grace granted to it which it might have expected, had there been any tincture of genuine Liberalism or humanity in the spirit of the European Powers. They may feel that the four Allied States have acted somewhat peremptorily, and, at the end, with a suddenness which gave Turkey little alternative but that of accepting their challenge. It may be felt that, through Italy, Europe has dealt precisely the one blow at Turkish Empire which was least justified by circumstances. It is possible to argue that the old bag and baggage policy needs some modification. In this respect much will depend upon the circumstances and event of the war. Should the Turks conduct the war with some regard for civilised opinion—which they do not seem to be doing—Europe may decide that they have made good their case against that capital sentence which the Gladstonian of the old days thundered against them. Again, if the question should arise, as in the course of the war it may well arise, between Russia and Turkey, it will have to be said that, as between these two Powers, a purely humanitarian opinion has not a great deal to choose. Russia in Persia—nay, Russia in Russia itself, and dealing with purely Russian people—has been shown, in the years that have elapsed since the great Gladstonian campaign, almost as ruthless, as brutal, and as barbarous as Amurath or Othman. No Liberal would raise a finger to advance the Russian frontier in any part of the world. On the other hand, a Russian movement to save Bulgaria and Greece from destruction could not be resented in this country.

So far for the future. But in the present the question is between four Allied States, whose kindred have suffered from centuries of wrong, and the Power which has inflicted the wrong. In the immediate action of these States there may be something to criticise, but there is not, we think, a Liberal who would doubt that, in the object which they propose for themselves, they deserve the support of Europe. They have said nothing of Constantinople and Thrace; their objective is Macedonia, and it cannot be tolerated by Europe that Macedonia should relapse into the old system. We may regret that war has broken out. We may believe that the new *régime* in Turkey, properly handled, would have been led to establish the elements of order and liberty in Macedonia without the bloodshed that must now ensue. But we have to deal with the fact, and within a few weeks that fact will be the event of the stricken field. The armies are in collision, and we have to determine what the attitude of this country shall be, and what influence she shall bring to bear on the Powers, whose word will ultimately determine the event. So far as Macedonia is concerned, that question cannot for us be in doubt. The form of the decision may be affected by the event of the war—and may issue either in partition or in autonomy—but that the elements of civilised order should be secured to the Macedonians, as against all possibility of Turkish misrule, is now common ground to every

Liberal, and, we should imagine, to every Briton who has in the least degree acquainted himself with the history of the Near East.

We could have wished that our Foreign Office could present this attitude of the British mind to the Turkish Government. Macedonia, they would point out, is not a Turkish country, and the time when a Turkish race could hold back a European population, containing within itself the potency and the hope of progress, is now past. They would dissociate this principle, which must be the immediate basis of their action, from the policy of expelling the Turk from Europe. They would show the Turkish Government that if they wished to retain the peninsula of Constantinople, it must be, in effect, by surrendering the substance of power, at any rate beyond the boundary of Thrace, and that if they would hold their own permanently in Anatolia, there, too, it must be by reverting to the professions of 1908, and seeking to realise a true unity on the basis of liberty and security for the Christian populations. They would disclaim hostility to Islam as such. They would point to the hard facts of war and politics, and ask the Turks to recognise the inevitable movement of events. Upon these lines our Government might yet do something to hasten the return of peace, while extending and confirming the boundaries of liberty.

SCIENCE, THE LAND, AND THE PEOPLE.

It is, we think, unfortunate that the Tory Party are so concerned to shield the British landlords from the consequences of an informal inquiry into the economic and social effects of our land system that they fail to see how deeply the defects of that system retard a truly stable, and therefore a truly conservative, society. For what is the Conservative position? Essentially that it is dangerous for a country to rely mainly on the profits of its foreign trade, and that it ought, therefore, to develop its home markets. It is true that this proposition rests on a fallacy. The Protectionist idea is that the tendency of foreign countries to reduce their demand for our goods is due to protective tariffs. But it is clear that tariffs play a very minor part in the process under which all civilised or partly civilised nations become both the makers and the consumers of manufactured goods. The monopoly which Britain won in the early years of the nineteenth century tends to disappear in proportion as the results of industrial skill and inventiveness become common property. The exchange of goods between nations, and the pre-eminence of the great Western manufacturing Powers, are not likely to cease, for we cannot contemplate a time when national communities will be self-supporting or will all be in the same stage of industrial development. But Tennyson's epigram that

"All can raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed,"

is as true of the material as of the intellectual world, whose boundaries touch. The advance in common ownership of industrial processes is no longer confined to the greater and the smaller European nations; it extends

to the near and the distant East. India is Manchester's rival in the production of cotton goods as well as Russia, though a generation or so ago neither competitor existed. If, therefore, Great Britain cannot live for ever on the export of her manufactures, the development of the home market becomes a matter of increasing importance to her. If home industries are everywhere increasing, they ought to increase within these shores. If our customers, abroad and in the colonies, must shrink, new customers must be found at our doors. Our monopoly of technical skill being gone, or going, we have to look to the time when we cannot so freely exchange our manufactures for cheap food. If, therefore, the home agriculture is sterile and will not expand, Manchester and Bradford may in the future begin to look in vain for home buyers to replace the foreign markets which escape us. Is it not wise for us to enter with energy on the line of home development?

This, in the main, was the thesis of Prince Kropotkin's famous book, "*Fields, Factories, and Workshops*,"* which first saw the light fourteen years ago, and its re-publication, with so many additions as to turn it into a new work, is an event of real significance. If Prince Kropotkin's conclusion were the dreary Malthusian one that population was outgrowing the means of subsistence, his theory would merely announce the doom of the millions who inhabit these islands. It is, of course, the precise opposite. Malthus could never be quite vanquished by quoting against the Malthusians man's victories in the industrial field. If he could not greatly increase his production of food, the hopes of democracy, and indeed of the modern world, were lost. The mission of "*Fields, Factories, and Workshops*" was to place before the world the vision of a scientific tillage which placed no practical bounds on the productivity of the earth in its most settled and crowded centres, and its capacity to maintain in comfort, and with much diminished effort, populations many times greater than those which exist to-day. Some of Prince Kropotkin's facts have been disputed; but those who compare his earlier with his later inquiries will incline to think that on the whole they have been strengthened. "Intensive" culture, with its power of raising many crops instead of one, abolishing latitude and climate, changing the quality and constituents of soils, equalising the production of the cold North with the sunny South, and enormously increasing the yield and quality of all kinds of animal, cereal, and vegetable foods, is not a mere trick of fancy growers. All producers cannot, indeed, grow vegetable stuffs on the scale of the French market gardener, with his return of £200 an acre, or of the Commune of Oirbeck, near Louvain, whose farmers averaged in 1906 a yield of fifty-seven bushels of wheat per acre. But science is indubitably revolutionising agriculture and horticulture all the world over. No country despises it. It is becoming the stand-by of the newer soils—notably of American and Canadian agriculture—as well as of the old. Incidentally, it favors the growth of

the economies of the small or middle-sized farm, and discourages the waste and low culture of the ranch. And it is associated with two hopeful social tendencies, the development of an intelligent and scientific agricultural class, working in association rather than by purely individual labor, and the gradual re-knitting of the long-sundered strands of industrial and rural life. Thus we may envisage a society of which pioneers like Prince Kropotkin and Mr. Seebohm Rowntree have long dreamed, the chief features of which will be the combination of the best types of town and country worker, great reductions in the hours of labor, and the gradual replacement of the mere machine-minder by the craftsman, master of two or more industries rather than the slave of one.

These ideals are, of course, subject, in Prince Kropotkin's book, to much the same criticism of our land system as our own Radical reformers are applying to it. Why, in fact, can we only grow food for about a third of our people, when France can raise nearly all the food that her population requires, and Belgium, with an inferior soil and a great industrial development, can cater for more than two-thirds of her swarming population? Why can they, and poorer countries still—such as Denmark—export food out of their surplus to us, while we cannot feed more than one in three of our citizens? Why is the land in Great Britain starved of labor, half tilled, encumbered with weeds, sinking from arable culture into permanent pasture or mere game runs, when the general lesson of modern farming is the enormous returns which well-directed labor obtains from the soil, and the secure and interesting life which can be lived on it? Why can we only feed, on an average, one cow on three acres when it is shown to be quite possible to keep one or even four horned beasts on a single acre? Some of the answers to these questions are obvious enough. We have chosen to neglect our agriculture in favor of our industries. We drove the people off the land and into the towns or the colonies by direct acts of dispossession, like the Enclosure Laws, and by developing in their stead, first, a class of large farmers, divided between work and pleasure, and, secondly, a class of landlord-sportsmen, whose main interest in the country is pleasure. This system remains intact to-day. Its fruits are a low and poor, or at best an inadequate, form of tillage, and a dull and half-populated countryside. It is clear that should the process which Prince Kropotkin calls the "decentralisation" of industry become more rapid, and, as a result, we lose many of our foreign customers, we approach something like the national ruin with which our scaremongers threaten us. It is not the Norfolk and the Buckinghamshire of to-day which can do much to keep the mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire going in the event of a dramatic shrinkage of our European and Asian and Colonial markets. Preference will not help us, for the world-process under which each national or territorial group becomes self-supporting affects our Colonies as well as our other trade rivals. Tariffs will not re-open these closing avenues, if close they must. The question is whether we will take in hand the task of national and economic re-organisation before it is

* "*Fields, Factories, and Workshops; or Industry Combined with Agriculture and Brain Work or Manual Work.*" By P. Kropotkin. (Nelson. 1s.)

too late, and before every great community but our own presents us with the spectacle of an educated, organised, and fruitful agriculture, instead of an obsolete and half-derelict one.

THE OFFER TO THE DOCTORS.

THE negotiations between the medical section of the Advisory Committee and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have at last resulted in a statement of definite terms, which show a large advance upon those originally offered for medical benefit. The new proposals are undeniably generous. A secured income of £350 for every thousand insured persons is very fair pay, even though it is true that out of that sum must come payment for "extras" and mileage. A village of moderate size, with surrounding hamlets, numbers about 2,000 souls, and one doctor can well do the necessary work. His income may be increased by at least part of the 6d. for each insured person, which is to be divided between the chemist and the doctor, if the latter restricts his prescribing to drugs that are absolutely necessary. Nor must it be forgotten that under the maternity benefit 30s. is provided for the wife of every insured person, and if the wife is also an insured worker, she gets 7s. 6d. a week sick pay for four weeks, making a total of £3. This latter will apply to the most deserving class, for the poorer the woman, the more likely it is that she will be a wage earner. The doctors will certainly get a certain proportion of this money for their services:

The offer will be carefully considered by practitioners all over the kingdom, and there is time enough to arrive at a reasoned opinion before the meetings of the divisions of the British Medical Association are held. These divisions will instruct their delegates precisely how to vote at the representative meeting in November. The decision must be "Yes" or "No" as, failing the acceptance of the terms and the formation of panels, the Government will immediately proceed to the inauguration of a State Medical Service, the members to receive a definite salary, with the option of attending the dependents of insured and others as private patients. Now, we do not know that the public would have reason to regret this formal attachment of the medical profession to the service of the State. It opens up a wide and fruitful area of medical care and research. But its consequences must be made clear to the profession itself before it rejects Mr. Lloyd George's new proposals. The older practitioners in densely populated areas would quickly find their practices sapped by younger and keener men, appointed under the new service. Well paid, well equipped, and with all the enthusiasm of "new brooms," these men would soon carry everything before them. It is, therefore, a matter of importance for the Council of the British Medical Association to take a broad and statesmanlike view of the situation. This Council is largely a new body, untried in experience of weighty decisions, and elected at a time when the feeling of the profession was stormy and unsettled. It has a great opportunity to show the courage to discriminate between fanatical obstinacy and a wise recognition of realities. To choose resistance spells ruin to the

Association, a collapse of the organisation, and an internecine war, the effects of which will endure for years; the acceptance of the new terms, even though it involves a surrender of some minor details, means the triumphant and early success of the largest measure of social reform that this country has ever seen.

For the first time, medicine will take its right place in the co-ordination of preventive and curative activities. Its influence on modern politics (in the broadest sense of the term) will be very great, for a co-ordinated service for fourteen millions of people has an almost unlimited sphere of usefulness. Individual practitioners will no longer perform their work as isolated units. Secure of a substantial endowment from the State, with certainty of payment for their work, the psychology of the situation as between doctor and patient will be profoundly altered for the better. The free choice of doctor will prevent the ill effects of "institutionalism," but the valuable stimulus of competition will remain. If, therefore, the profession is well led and worthily inspired, it will take up this task with good will, and even with enthusiasm. Difficulties will arise, for the discovery of which the three years of experiment will provide ample scope. The point on which we hope the profession will concentrate its attention is that a new career for medicine is now being opened up. The environment of infancy and childhood is a subject which has already received the closest attention from thoughtful citizens. Lay organisations are arising in all directions, and it would be wise of the doctors to see that these efforts are under medical control. If, therefore, they conclude that after the stormy agitation of many weary months a peaceful solution is in sight, the public will, we believe, applaud their decision.

A DIABOLICAL SPEECH.

THERE ought to be some means of bringing to book a soldier, in the receipt of money from the State, who speaks of a friendly Power as Lord Roberts spoke of Germany at Manchester on Tuesday. It is not enough for this gentleman that the Near East is desolated by a bloody war; he must needs predict, and encourage, a vaster and more hideous conflict between Germany and Britain. To this end, he piles up as much inflammable stuff round the two nations as his remarkable powers of sensational rhetoric can command. Now, what is Lord Roberts's position in the country? He is a soldier, and a successful one. But he is without training in statesmanship. He has never shown any gift for it, save a capacity for literary expression; nor any interest in it beyond that which the average Tory intellect acquires in the process of its simple affirmations about political and social life. In this respect he is a complete contrast to the Duke of Wellington, the last soldier of account who figured conspicuously in our civil government. Wellington was a high Tory, but he had two qualities which gave him distinction as a man of affairs. He set a high value on peace, and he knew how to estimate and bow to the governing forces of national policy.

Lord Roberts possesses neither of these attributes. He is a mere Jingo in opinion and character, and he interprets the life and interests of this nation and this Empire by the crude lusts and fears which haunt the unimaginative soldier's brain.

What his precise theory of defence may be, we do not know. He desires us to remain a "free nation" in the same breath in which he invites us to come under the yoke of conscription—conscription, if you please, for the unheard-of purpose of overseas service in India and elsewhere. And he falls into the familiar confusion of his school when he calls for an army "strong enough to ensure the mobility of our navy," when, in fact, it is our command of the seas which could alone impart "mobility" to a British military expedition to Belgium or anywhere else. To speak of our having "lost command of every sea but one—the North Sea," is, again, either to be ignorant of the fact (or wilfully to ignore it), that while our naval monopoly—like our commercial monopoly—cannot exist for ever, our sea-power and our national security depend on our ability to crush an enemy's fleet, and that we were never so amply insured—so over-insured—against naval disaster as we are to-day. If that defence fails, this island starves and surrenders, and Lord Roberts's conscript army will surely starve with the rest of us.

Lord Roberts's proposition, therefore, is merely foolish; it is his way of commending it which is merely wicked. He speaks of war as certain to take place "the instant" the German forces are assured of "superiority at every point," and he discovers that the motto of German foreign policy is that "Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck." Germany does not happen to have struck anybody since 1870, and she struck then to secure national unity, and to put an end to the standing menace of French Imperialism. Since then, she has remained the most peaceful and the most self-contained, though doubtless not the most sympathetic, member of the European family. France has absorbed a great part of North Africa; we have created by force a new South African Empire; Russia, Italy, and Austria have all conducted aggressive wars or warlike expeditions, with large territorial advantages in view. Germany, the target of every cheap dealer in historic slap-dash, is in substance the Germany of 1870, with a great industrial dominion superadded by the force of science and commercial enterprise. That is the story across which Lord Roberts scrawls his ignorant libel. He does indeed assure his audience that he attributes no blame to Germany, because he insists that every great nation has the right of striking at her neighbor when she has the power, and by direct implication he invites us to do to Germany what he falsely asserts she is preparing to do to us. These are the morals, fitter for a wolf-pack than for a society of Christian men, commended as "excellent policy" to the British nation in the presence of a Bishop of the Anglican Church. Under such a code, peace must become a fitful interlude to recurring carnage. It is the duty of his countrymen to show what they think of the conscience of a man who can strew such deadly stuff on such a stage as the Europe of to-day presents,

THE DANGERS OF THE MENTAL DEFICIENCY BILL.

MR. McKENNA has announced the intention of the Government to pass the Mental Deficiency Bill into law this session, but he will, we think, have to admit some very considerable amendments if the Bill is to escape the most determined opposition. He has, indeed, met the criticisms which have been set out in *THE NATION* and elsewhere at one point, by restricting the definition of feeble-minded persons. It is no longer necessary for a man to prove that he is capable of "competing on equal terms with his normal fellows" in order to escape the imputation of feeble-mindedness. This, we admit, narrows the scope of the Bill, and removes or qualifies some of the absurdities which would otherwise be possible in its operation. But the definition is still improperly vague. People incapable "of managing themselves and their affairs except under suitable supervision," are still to be regarded as feeble-minded, and to marry any such person is still a misdemeanor exposing the offender to two years' imprisonment. Down to the last generation, women, as such, were supposed to be incapable of managing their own affairs except under suitable supervision. According to the theories of those days, every marriage would have been criminal under the proposed law. It was, we admit, a libel on women, but at the same time we must recognise that there are, in both sexes, plenty of people, upright, in many ways capable, and upon the whole good citizens, who might justly be regarded as feeble-minded under the terms of this definition.

The truth is that no satisfactory definition of feeble-mindedness has yet been invented. Medical and other experts who actually deal with the feeble-minded, pooh-poo this criticism. They have in their minds a certain type, recognisable to them by various signs, but impossible for them to define in abstract terms. They betray some impatience when it is suggested that for legal purposes a definition is necessary, in order that we may know who may and who may not be justly and wisely put under restraint for an indefinite period. It is contended that we equally lack an adequate definition of insanity, and that here, again, we have to trust the medical diagnosis. But it may be replied that insanity, however difficult to define, is a term which has behind it many generations of practical application, and at least means some definite and assignable departure from the behavior of ordinary men. Feeble-mindedness carries with it no such definite application. As a word, it imports a difference of degree, and the minds of all men differ in degree. From an average competence, humanity shades down through every degree of dulness, folly, stupidity, and lack of control, into the twilight of feeble-mindedness, which yet stands above the utter darkness of the imbecile or the insane.

Again, it is contended by the experts that all this criticism is merely of academic importance. They know what they mean by the feeble-minded, and they will not shut up anybody who is not incurable. But the reply is that, in this, all will depend upon the expert. Behind this Bill, and therefore, behind the forces which will administer it if it comes into law, are two distinct ten-

dencies and interests. On the one hand, there is the desire of undoubted philanthropists, such as Miss Dendy, who act with a single eye to the good of the feeble-minded themselves. On the other, there is the desire to eliminate from the community the strain of those who recruit the destitute classes, and swell the numbers of the very poor. According to the temper of the administrator, the definition would be narrowly or widely applied. In the one case, there would be hesitation in certifying an incurable case of serious congenital mental defect. In another, there would be eagerness to search out and shut up anyone and everyone to whom the terms of the definition might be made to apply. And in this relation it must be borne in mind that the Bill confers sweeping inquisitorial power on the part of the local authority. They are to ascertain what persons within their area are defectives, and to keep such persons under supervision, a provision which contains within it the germ of a despotic surveillance of the poorer classes.

The legitimate objects of a measure conceived in the interests of the feeble-minded would, we think, be, in the first place, to afford financial support for institutions similar to those which Miss Dendy has conducted with so much success. Apart from all difficulties of definition, the feeble-minded are a distinct class, higher than the imbecile, lower than the merely dull and backward. They may claim of a humane society care and supervision. To what extent the condition is hereditary is much less clear than the dogmatists would have us believe. But a balanced review of the evidence would lead us to conclude that it is at least so far hereditary as to make the inter-marriage of two feeble-minded persons undesirable, and the marriage of a feeble-minded person with a normal one undesirable only in a lesser degree. For these reasons, segregation of the sexes is the natural accompaniment of care and supervision. It is the return which the feeble-minded person has to make for the guardianship of society. With adequate financial aid, institutions for the care of this class would increase in number. Parents, feeling that nothing better could be done for feeble-minded children, would in many cases voluntarily consign them to such homes; and the feeble-minded adult, who had found the world too much for him, would gratefully resort to one. Beyond this, there are a few cases, though we should examine them with great care, in which compulsion might be justified. Parents, proved after open trial to have neglected their feeble-minded offspring, whether wilfully or because themselves feeble-minded, might legitimately be deprived of authority over their children, who would then be consigned to a suitable home. Feeble-minded persons convicted of offences—not charged merely, as the Bill proposes—should be sent to such homes instead of to prisons. Feeble-minded girls deserve the protection of the law against men, and if they become mothers and as such chargeable to the rates, might not unfairly be consigned at least to temporary supervision. With such exceptions as these, the working of the institutions should, in our view, remain as far as possible upon a voluntary basis. The power of leaving the institution is the one weapon which the feeble-minded person possesses to defend him-

self against maltreatment. It cannot be too clearly borne in mind that the experts themselves regard the case of the feeble-minded as hopeless. They do not therefore seek cure. This means that one of the greatest motives to good treatment is removed from those who have the care of the feeble-minded. More than this, those who approach the question from the standpoint of heredity will seek to include as many as possible of the doubtful cases, and to retain them at least beyond child-bearing age. The motive is not simply the welfare of the feeble-minded, it is the supposed—in our view, the very problematical—interest of the race. We trust that the Government will see the wisdom of liberal and searching amendment of the Bill.

THE BALKAN LEAGUE'S ADVANCE.

THIS is a modern war, waged under partially civilised conditions. One needs no other consideration to explain the tantalising slowness of the main campaign in Thrace. A belief in the efficiency of the Bulgarian military machine had become an article of faith with travellers who have seen it in barracks and on the field of manœuvres. Ready writers had even persuaded themselves that the Turks, in discarding their familiar rags for a neat khaki uniform, had suddenly achieved an almost Prussian competence. But, with the detailed maps and the actual problems before us, we are all realising that the effectiveness of an army for action is a function, as mathematicians would put it, of a nation's development in civilian things. This war is being fought on a modern scale. From Scutari in the far West to Varna in the far East there can hardly be less than a million men under arms. But they are marching and fighting over ground which is still a fragment of the older world. The general staffs have all studied their German and French manuals. But they have to manipulate armies based on the European model in country which offers none of the facilities of France or Germany. It is like an orthodox game of chess with pieces which undertake their intricate moves, on a rough board, with blurred and blotted squares. Even Bulgaria lacks the railways and roads for the effective working of her great army, and across the frontier she is in territory where even the better roads are little more than tracks worn by usage. I doubt whether there are five consecutive miles of any road in Macedonia which a hardy rider would venture to traverse on a bicycle. Of all the resources of a poor country, the easiest to civilise is its human material. The Bulgarians have been educated and drilled, and equipped into a first-rate army. But their country is incomparably less developed. We have to remember, not merely that the Balkan armies in Turkey are working in difficult, mountainous, sparsely peopled, and relatively roadless country, but also that the arrangements for supplying them from their home bases are necessarily primitive and inadequate. The four peoples of the League have staked everything on a gallant and comprehensive plan of attack. The Turks, no less wisely, depend on time and a phlegmatic defensive attitude. If will and courage could defeat Time, the Ottoman Empire would be doomed. But a team of black

buffaloes dragging a cart with solid wooden wheels up a stony mountain side, will move no faster because a nation's destiny is at stake.

The lapse of a week has solved none of our perplexities about the main event of this autumn campaign. The rigid censorship has stimulated guess-work, and one can only bow to the irritating wisdom of the allies, and especially the Bulgarians, in frustrating the curiosity and enterprise of the correspondents. We are allowed to know only the bare elements of the problem. Twenty miles from the Bulgarian frontier lies the City of Adrianople. It is not naturally a strong place. A broad plain lies round it, and it must rely for its defence on its outworks of modern forts and on its great guns. For three years the Young Turks have concentrated their minds on the problem of its fortification, but we do not know whether its garrison, at this crisis, numbers 20,000 or 60,000 men. Its importance consists in the fact that the main railway of Thrace runs past it, and the best main road goes through it. Three rivers meet outside it—the Maritza and the Tundja flowing rapidly from the North, and the shallower Arda from the West. It is just possible that, by building an emergency railway, with an improvised bridge or two, the Bulgarians might contrive to advance without taking it. But one thing is axiomatic. They must seize the railway if they are to feed their army on its further advance towards Constantinople. Unless they can give battle to Abdullah Pasha where he is massing his main army, somewhere between Adrianople and Constantinople, before all his Asiatic reserves have reached him, the war cannot end in a triumph for the League. It is quite unlikely that the Bulgarians can be satisfied with shutting up the garrison of Adrianople, and doubtful whether time, or their engineering resources, or the lie of the ground will allow them to resort to the tempting plan of building an emergency railway out of range of the Adrianople forts. The probability is that Adrianople must be captured.

It is nearly useless to speculate about the Bulgarian plans for the taking of Adrianople. The news is meagre, and it is also possible that it is intended to mislead. There are four possible lines of advance, and while none of them is likely to be neglected, we can only guess which of them will be selected for the really serious effort. The easy capture of Mustapha Pasha and then of Chermen suggested that the line of the Maritza and the railway would be followed. But we now learn that a Bulgarian column is at the River Arda, and has taken the redoubt which is placed beside the railway at the confluence of the Arda and the Maritza, south-west of the city. This seems to suggest a wide turning movement over the Rhodopé from the west. A column marching from this side would approach Adrianople where it is weakest, for its forts are massed on the north and north-east. But it is hard to believe that siege guns could be carried over the Rhodopé passes. This Arda column will at the least isolate Adrianople from the south, cut the railway below it, divert the efforts of its defenders, and so ease the task of its assailants in other directions. Of an advance down the Tundja Valley we hear little, nor is it clear whether the Bulgarians yet hold the entire railway on the left bank of the

Maritza from Chermen to the Arda Bridge. The news deals mainly with the attack upon Kirk Kilissé, but it is quite conceivable that this accentuation of one aspect of the general advance may be intended to mislead. Kirk Kilissé was taken on Thursday by the Bulgars after an obstinate resistance, and with a large capture of prisoners, but their wide turning movement along the coast is a proof that they have no fear of dissipating their forces, and are satisfied that in the north of Thrace they may reckon for some time upon an assured superiority of numbers. It is just possible that the main Bulgarian advance will now follow the line from Kirk Kilissé southwards, ignoring Adrianople altogether. To us in Europe the bare elements of this military problem are unknown, for we can give no guess how soon Abdullah Pasha will be able to assume the offensive. But whatever else may be defective in the Bulgarian arrangements, their intelligence department will work well. European Turkey is swarming with young men, trained guerillas, who will shrink from no sacrifice to obtain and transmit news of Turkish movements.

The early news of the Servian and Greek campaigns suggests either that the defence of the Turks is seriously disorganised, or else that their attention has been recklessly concentrated on the main problem of Thrace. They argue, no doubt, that if the Bulgarian invasion can be repelled, it will be easy to deal thereafter with her allies. But that is to ignore the politics of the war. If an armistice and a European Congress were to find the League possessed of the greater part of Macedonia, the settlement would be proportionately unfavorable for the Turks. Memories of the Greek disasters in 1897 make the news of the Crown Prince's triumphant advance to Selfidje (otherwise known as Servia) as startling as it is welcome. The Turks were outnumbered, but their defence has evidently been weak and ill-calculated. On a people so impressionable as the Greeks, these early successes will have a peculiarly stimulating effect. They could not recover from their first depression in the last war. It is probable that they will now be nerved to efforts which would be beyond their resources if their army were a dull automaton. Arrived at Selfidje, they have now to choose whether they will at once strike north-east down the valley of the Bistritza to Veria (the Biblical Berea), where they would reach the Monastir-Salonica railway and the flat, lower Macedonian plain, or else north-west towards Monastir. Their fleet might help them in an advance on Salonica, while in a march on Monastir the local bands could powerfully second them.

Hardly less surprising, if we may trust official news, is the relative success which has attended the joint operations of the allies in the North of Macedonia. In the great plain of Kossovo, a flat, agricultural area bounded by Alpine heights, three columns are at work. One is Montenegrin; it has taken Berane, and has not since been heard of. Two are Servian, and they have captured each its town, Novi Bazar and Prishtina. They are destined, no doubt, to unite and to advance south-east on Uskub. But they will have to deal with the Albanians from Ipek, Djakova, and Mitrovitza, as well as with the Turks, and

before they can reach Uskub they must pass out of the open lands of Kossovo, through the narrow gorge of Katchanik, which one regiment with guns might hold for many a day against a whole division. But even of such an adventure as this we need not despair. There is something not a little mysterious about the politics of this whole campaign, and the chief miracle is that the Moslem Albanian feudal chief, half-brigand, half-patriot, and wholly soldier, Isa Boletinaz, of Mitrovitza, is said to be fighting with a large contingent for the Serbs. From two other quarters Servian armies are converging on Uskub. The main body, advancing down the Morava River and the Nish-Salonica Railway, has reached the little market town of Kumanovo. There is no obstacle, natural or artificial, in the twenty miles between Kumanovo and Uskub until the Vardar is reached, which swirls rapidly through the latter city. There was heavy fighting on Thursday for the possession of Kumanovo, and the Servians claim a final success. A third column has advanced from Kustendil, and taken Kratovo and Kotchana. Its further duty would seem to be to swing round by Shtip (Istib) to Kuprulu. It there reaches the defiles of the Vardar, a brisk current flowing between crags, and the railway which follows the river's channel. This column, by one route or another, is probably destined to threaten Uskub from the rear. About the aims of the other Bulgarian force, regular and irregular, which has successfully occupied the Razlog country further East, and the headwaters of the Struma, little is yet known. It, too, might work across to Shtip, or else march southwards with the object of cutting the Salonica-Constantinople line between Seres and Doiran. Uskub is the pivot of this campaign, and unless it has been fortified since I was there in 1904, it presents no great difficulties to an invader. It is rather a base for an army which must give battle in its broad plain, than a strong place which could stand a siege.

It is much too soon to sum up, or to frame conclusions. The Greeks and the Servians have, so far, done better than most of us expected, and the Bulgars have scored one big success. It is hard to resist the suspicion that the Turks are intellectually inadequate to this complex campaign, and some symptoms suggest a dangerous degree of disorganisation. Several telegrams speak of Turkish shells which do not explode—a merciful defect, which saved many lives in the Thesalian campaign. That means either corruption or technical impotence, and inspires a doubt as to whether the Young Turkish reforms went nearly so far, even in the army, as their friends supposed.

H. N. B.

Life and Letters.

RELIGION WITHOUT GOD.

A GENERATION ago the attitude of most leaders of intellectual activity, scientific or literary men, scholars, philosophers, and artists, towards religion was one of indifference or of positive hostility. Science and

historical criticism had virtually demolished all substantive dogmas alike of natural and revealed religion, and an all-embracing, hard-shell determinism was the prevailing philosophy. The case to-day is very different. The all-sufficiency of science as an instrument of truth and a guide to conduct is everywhere questioned, and scientific men themselves have been the first to recognise the limits of their method of interpretation and explanation. A revolt against mechanical determinism, led by psychologists, has brought about a humanist revival, in which the claims of the religious sentiment as an abiding factor in man's spiritual equipment has won an even clearer recognition. The reaction in some quarters has been singularly abrupt, yielding the spectacle of eminent physicists ingeniously canalising the main streams of physical research to fill with their living water all the ancient channels of orthodox religion. Others, less ambitious or more wary, have sought some broader, freer vehicle for the religious sentiment in a loose attachment to the Positivist creed, or in that cult of the good life which has taken a variety of shapes in the Ethical Movement. But men of philosophic temper and training are apt to be repelled, both intellectually and emotionally, by the narrowness and anthropocentrism of such substitutes for orthodox faith. Their religious feeling demands an emotional attitude not merely towards mankind, but towards the universe. They are not content to regard the progress or even the perfection of humanity as the sole sufficient goal of the cosmic process. In one sense, of course, every attitude of man must be a partial one; as a thinking and feeling being, he can only set the cosmic problems in terms of his own thought and feeling. But within this limitation, there remains a vital difference between the self-centred egoism of the animal or herd man, and man regarding himself and his kind as part of a great universal process. The demand for a religion conformable to this philosophic point of view is set forth in an earnest and eloquent article in the latest issue of the "Hibbert Journal" by Mr. Bertrand Russell, one of the most accomplished of our younger philosophers.

In seeking a religion "without fettering dogmas," Mr. Russell starts from the familiar distinction between the two natures of man—"the one particular, finite, self-centred; the other universal, infinite, and impartial." But instead of regarding this latter as an eternal soul, of divine origin, indeed, but a permanently distinct personality, according to the orthodox Christian view, or as a temporarily distinct personality to be finally resumed with the single divine being, according to the oriental view, he strips off the garb of personality alike from the infinite part of man and from the universal nature to which it belongs. There is nothing in his exposition which we can regard as immortality for man or personality for God. "The infinite part of our life does not see the world from one point of view; it shines impartially, like the diffused light on a cloudy sea. Distant ages and remote regions of space are as real to it as what is present and near. In thought, it rises above the life of the senses, seeking always what is general and open to all men. In desire and will, it aims simply at the good, without regarding the good as mine or yours. In feeling, it gives love to all, not only to those who further the purposes of self. Unlike the finite life, it is impartial: its impartiality leads to truth in thought, justice in action, and universal love in feeling." Man as animal is separate from his fellows and from the rest of the universe; they are essentially means to his private ends. But by virtue of his infinite nature, he is one with the wider nature and purposes of humanity and of the universe. It is this universal element in each of us that craves the emotions and the discipline of religion. Worship, acquiescence, and love, those three essentials of the Christian religion, Mr. Russell desiderates for his philosophic religion. Neither a belief in a personal Deity, nor Pantheism, he holds necessary for their survival. Acquiescence in the inevitable is even more pure and more complete when it is no longer accompanied by a conviction that the inevitable must be good. For this orthodox

view that evil, being willed by God, cannot really be evil, he considers "a falsification of our standard of good and evil."

Mr. Russell's distinction between the two kinds of worship, "the selective, which is given to the good on account of its goodness, and the impartial, which is given to everything that exists," carries us into refinements which we could not here profitably discuss. But one passage we must quote, because it contains the essence of what Mr. Russell would regard as his positive contribution to the substance of religion. "The object of the selective worship is the ideal good, which belongs to the world of universals. Owing to oblivion of the world of universals, men have supposed that the ideal good could not have being or be worshipped unless it formed part of the actual world; hence they have believed that, without God, this worship could not survive. But the study of the world of universals shows that this was an error; the object of this worship need not exist, though it will be an essential part of the worship to wish it to exist as fully as possible." As with worship, so with love. Love also is of two kinds, "the selective, earthly love, which is given to what is delightful, beautiful, or good, and the impartial, heavenly love, which is given to all indifferently." In this religion without Theism, the ideal good thus replaces God as the object of selective worship and of love. But, combined with these selective emotions are the impartial and universal ones, which go out to all life and all existence, ignoring the difference of good and bad, the wider life of contemplation and of feeling.

We are aware that this brief exposition can do no justice, either to the merits or the defects of Mr. Russell's argument. But it may serve to direct the attention of some readers to a particularly bold and serious piece of free-thinking. If we may venture to indicate what appears to us the weakness of his thesis, alike from the logical and the practical point of view, it is his failure to give any meaning to the unity of the universe. His refusal to adopt the organic metaphor makes him appear to present us with a whole, a universe, which has nothing that can be called a life, still less a purpose. And yet without such a conception of the whole it is difficult to believe that any universal love or worship could be maintained. Mr. Russell does, indeed, speak of "the principle of union in the world," in which the infinite natures of different men find their community. But, so far as we can discover, it appears to be nearer to a mechanical than an organic union. A corollary of this difficulty lies in the abruptness of the severance between the selfish animal life and the "universal, infinite, and important life." This separateness is neither scientific nor philosophic. Modern psychology and sociology know nothing of it. Why should it be supposed that the so-called animal nature of man is devoid of all universal or "divine" element, or that the human love of child, or friend, or tribe, traceable to animal instincts, differs in kind from the love of something called "the ideal good"? In the best acts and aspirations of the best men we know we cannot find that complete absence of the "finite" self. Indeed, the presence and activity of this finite element appear, not as a defect of the higher spiritual life, but as a necessary implication of its personal character. There is no separate or special portion of the life of anyone that can be regarded as entirely universal. No doubt Mr. Russell does not intend to signify so sharp a severance; but his schematism does so. He abolishes Theism from his conception of the Universe. But if that Universe is thus denied all central unity of life, and of such purpose as is inherent in all organic life, its relation to its parts, of which this life and purpose are asserted, becomes unintelligible. Mr. Russell speaks of "the universal and divine being" in each man seeking "union with the Universe," and that union is "union in thought, union in feeling, union in will." And yet to that union he appears to deny any sort of central or pervasive life or consciousness. Is not the union of divine beings in the world itself divine? Such is the criticism which we imagine will be pressed with force upon the latest attempt to plan a religion without a God.

LENDING MONEY FOR WAR.

In the Roman amphitheatre wealthy men, to please the populace, paid desperate men to fight as gladiators. These bloody spectacles were ultimately condemned by Christian sentiment; and we can only see them now in the pale survival of the Spanish bull fight. But what municipal laws and customs forbid is still sanctioned in the international arena. When nations go to war those which do not join in the struggle, issue, it is true, solemn declarations of neutrality restraining their citizens and subjects under severe penalties from assisting the combatants. On Monday, for instance, after a Privy Council, there was issued in the "London Gazette" a royal proclamation, which recited that whereas a state of war unhappily exists between Turkey, Bulgaria, Greece, Montenegro, and Serbia, and whereas we are happily at peace with all countries, "We, being desirous of preserving to Our Subjects the Blessings of Peace, which they now happily enjoy, are firmly purposed and determined to maintain a strict and impartial Neutrality in the said State of War unhappily existing between the aforesaid Powers." The purpose of this is most fit and proper, and, as we read on, we find that after the declaration of war our Government recognises the duty of preventing war ships from being despatched from Great Britain in aid of Turkey or the Balkan States. But there is nothing in this proclamation to prevent loans being raised in the City of London to finance any or all of the combatants—as if there were any difference in moral principle between selling war materials and lending money with which war materials can be bought. Let us remember with shame that one of the bloodiest of recent wars, a war which destroyed the happiness of thousands upon thousands of homes, and ground down into poverty hundreds of thousands of people, could hardly have been begun without the assurance of support from Paris and London. If Japan had not been allowed to raise public loans in London, and if Russia had not had access to the markets of Paris, the Russo-Japanese War would in all probability not have been commenced, and must have come, in any case, to a very speedy termination. Englishmen and Frenchmen lent the surplus proceeds of their industry to be expended by Russians and Japanese in a murderous and destructive warfare. Surely a strange form of neutrality, quite comparable with that of the wealthy Romans, who got up and paid for the gladiatorial games! A pleasurable titillation of curiosity, similar in quality to that of the degraded populace which crowded the Amphitheatres of Pagan Rome, was enjoyed by the British public through their press reports of the battles by sea and by land.

Of course this practice of raising war loans in neutral countries has often been challenged and condemned. When the system was in its infancy, an attempt was made by Austria to raise a war loan in the City of London in order to pay for the atrocious suppression of the Hungarian revolution. When Messrs. Hope & Co., as agents of the Austrian Government, inserted an advertisement in the London newspapers, inviting English capitalists to subscribe seventy-one million florins (£7,100,000) for this purpose, Cobden addressed a letter to the press urging that a public meeting should be called to protest against this loan. A meeting was held in the City of London Tavern, and Cobden argued with great power and success. The hall was crowded, and ten thousand people were unable to get admission. The whole speech deserves to be reproduced; but it will suffice here to quote his concluding words:—

"This system of foreign loans for warlike purposes, by which England, Holland, Germany, and France are invited to pay for the arms, clothing, and food of the belligerents, is a system calculated almost to perpetrate the horrors of war; and they who lend money for these purposes are destitute of any one excuse by which men try to justify to their own consciences the resort to the sword. They cannot plead patriotism, self-defence, or even anger, or the lust of military glory. No; but they sit down coolly to calculate the chances to themselves of profit or loss in a game in which the lives of human beings are at stake. They have not even the pleasure—the savage and brutal gratification which ancient and pagan people had, when they paid for a seat in the amphitheatre to witness the bloody combats of gladiators in the arena."

At that time (the year 1849) our British press, it may be observed, had hardly begun to cater for the gladiatorial public, and the cinematograph had not been invented. But in substance, Cobden's argument stands. We are entitled to urge capitalists now, as he urged them then, to bear in mind that property has its duties as well as its rights. We are entitled to "exhort the friends of peace and advocates of disarmament throughout the civilised world to exert themselves to spread a sounder morality on this question of war loans."

The idea of issuing loans in foreign countries in order to obtain funds for war purposes was almost a novelty at the time when Cobden spoke. England, no doubt, under Pitt, had constantly spent money to induce Continental States to open or to continue hostilities against Napoleon. But Pitt was a heaven-born Minister. We have helped to finance many wars since Pitt's time, but it has been by way of speculative investment, not at the cost of the public exchequer. Nor should it be supposed that this growing mischief has passed by uncriticised. The great financial houses have learned by bitter experience that the world cannot afford to exhaust its capital in loans for war and armaments. A big war is now always followed by a shrinkage of investments and a scarcity of capital. Issues for reproductive purposes are checked, and the profits of the City fall. Every one knows now that the Boer war and the Russo-Japanese war entailed heavy losses to the financiers of London and Paris, besides heavy burdens on millions of taxpayers. Hence, however profitable a particular war loan may be to the issuing houses, most of the magnates are now perfectly well aware that war finance is, in the long run, very bad business. At the great Peace Conference in Baltimore last year, Mr. James Speyer, head of one of the great New York houses, moved and carried the following resolution:—"That this Congress favors the suggestion that nations should prevent, as far as possible, loans being raised by their subjects or citizens in order to enable foreign nations to carry on wars. And be it further resolved, that the Government of the United States be requested to include this matter in the proposed programme of the Third Hague Conference." Of course, in every war there are sympathisers who would like to help one combatant or the other. But this does not alter the objection to an open breach of neutrality, such as is involved in the public issue and advertisement of war loans in a neutral country. And in this case those who sympathise most with the Balkan States may well shrink from seeing these young countries crushed to the earth with debt, and their splendid male population decimated, by a war which might be continued for many months with the aid of borrowed money. Is it too much to suggest that the lending nations should firmly refuse to finance hostilities and that they should use this lever to bring about an armistice?

A PARADOX OF HISTORY.

Those who wander along the tempting stalls where secondhand dealers display old prints and pamphlets must be struck by the reckless daring with which artists and scribblers a century ago made ridicule of their almost omnipotent rulers. As they look at some scathing portrait of the First Gentleman of Europe, and read some mocking lines about "the Waterloo man," or see the names and salaries of rich sinecurists and pensioners and bishops set out, with an unsparing account of their history and relationships, they can only remember with an effort that the power of the men and families so denounced was almost absolute, and that to question their wisdom or public spirit was to run a grave risk of imprisonment or even of transportation. Yet so it was in very bitter truth. When Cruikshank was drawing the fat libertine on the Throne, and Hone was writing his parodies about Castlereagh and Sidmouth, a great crowd of obscure men were in prison, most of them not charged at all, others charged under Treason and Sedition Acts or Combination Acts for comparatively mild and amiable criticisms of their rulers. The powers of the ruling classes

provided for almost every emergency. If a magistrate found a fellow spouting in his neighborhood or selling pamphlets, he generally locked him up, and then wrote to the Home Office to discuss whether he should have him pressed for the Navy or prosecuted under the Vagrancy Laws, or whether some charge should be trumped-up against him under the more important repressive laws behind which the upper classes had taken shelter, or whether it was worth while to try to extort information from him by overtures or threats. Wilberforce, and his friends, too, were ready to pounce on any wretched bookseller who handed a copy of one of Paine's works over the counter. And yet at this very time there were being published parodies and lampoons and caricatures on the Government and the Prince Regent as bold and savage as any that have been known in our history.

More than one reason can be given for this apparent paradox. One cause was the Prince Regent's salutary unpopularity. This unpopularity, it is true, was not an unmixed public blessing. For his relations with the woman who, whatever she deserved, did not deserve the supreme punishment of being his wife, drew into the cause of the persecuted Queen a great deal of energy and sympathy that would have been much better spent in the cause of reform. But that unpopularity did make it more difficult to suppress criticism, and though the Regent could win Wilberforce's sympathy by telling him that he found Cobbett a blasphemous writer, he could not persuade Ministers with the strongest taste for tyranny to burn their fingers too often on his behalf. Hone used to tell the story that the Prince Regent drew the attention of the Cabinet to his squire, "The Political House that Jack Built," and that Ministers said to one another, remembering the misadventure of his three trials, that they had had enough of William Hone. For the Government had not been able to make the machinery of suppression quite complete. Just before the bad days of the Panic began, Fox carried his Libel Bill through Parliament, giving the jury the right to decide, not merely on the authorship, but on the character of a publication. And hence, at a time when the temper of London was hostile, a prosecution for seditious or blasphemous libel was a certain risk. The obscure little printer or politician was quite undefended, but a man who had any sort of reputation and was tried before a London jury had at least a sporting chance of escape. Ever since the great day when twelve citizens of London saved Hardy and Thelwall and Horne Tooke from the designs of Pitt and Dundas, Governments had been afraid of juries. Attempts were made to provide against this danger, but they were exposed and defeated. For though the ruling class of politicians were united in disliking the tone and propaganda of Cobbett and Hone and other uncompromising critics, a handful of powerful Whigs resisted the attempt to suppress opinion altogether, and this was a check on actual fraud and chicanery. Thus it happened that criticism was not entirely silenced, and the criticism that survived was unusually frank and daring. For in any society in which force is used recklessly against free discussion, criticism is specially savage and bitter. The Government will put you into prison or transport you, if it can, for saying that Stonehenge is not a perfect model of a vigorous and representative constituency. You may just as well, then, go the whole way and say outright that the Prince Regent is a drunken and treacherous profligate.

One of the worst mistakes made by the governing class in this respect was the prosecution of William Hone, whose strange life is described in a book just published by Mr. F. W. Hackwood, "William Hone: His Life and Times" (Fisher Unwin). Hone was tried at the Guildhall three times on three consecutive days on the charge of printing and publishing parodies on the Catechism, the Litany, and the Athanasian Creed. The judge on the first trial was Mr. Justice Abbott; the trial lasted all day. Hone defended himself; Mr. Justice Abbott summed up against him, and the jury, after deliberating for less than a quarter of an hour, returned a verdict of "Not guilty." "The loudest acclamations were instantly heard in all parts of the Court. 'Long live the Honest Jury,' and 'An Honest Jury for ever,'

were exclaimed by many voices. The waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and applause continued for several minutes." Ellenborough, the Chief Justice, and famous even among the vultures of his day, was beside himself when he heard of the verdict and of its popularity, and decided to take the second trial himself. He began by sending for the Sheriffs in order to prevent any applause in Court. Unfortunately, the Sheriffs lived at a distance, and the crowded spectators began to laugh at the parodies long before the Sheriffs came. When they did arrive, the judge addressed them to some effect, as Mr. Sheriff Deshanges announced, according to the Report: "The first man I see laugh after such a severe notice shall be brought up." The trial lasted all day, and Ellenborough concluded his summing up with this strong appeal: "He would deliver them his solemn opinion, as he was required by Act of Parliament to do, and under the authority of that Act, and still more in obedience to his conscience and his God, he pronounced this to be a most impious and profane libel. Believing and hoping that they were Christians, he had not any doubt but that they would be of the same opinion." This time the deliberation of the jury lasted nearly two hours, but the verdict was the right one, and the frantic joy of the Court made it impossible for the Sheriffs to stop the cheering. Next day, Ellenborough tried his luck again with a third jury; but, in spite of his warning that Hone's acquittal would be followed by a deluge of irreligion and impiety, the jury, who retired at half-past eight in the evening, only took twenty minutes to decide on a verdict of "Not guilty." The ground of Hone's defence was that there is nothing insulting to the Bible or the Prayer-book in borrowing any of their forms in order to raise a laugh at something else, and he set out to prove this by a great series of illustrations from Martin Luther down to Canning and Sir Walter Scott. His most deadly example was a savage parody of Canning's on the Benedicite, in the "Anti-Jacobin," to which his attention had been directed by an excellent speech of Grey's in the House of Lords. Consequently, the full report of his defence is a most interesting collection of contemporary parodies, one of which begins as follows:—

"From four pounds of bread at sixteen pence price,
And butter at eighteen, though not very nice,
And cheese at a shilling, though gnawed by the mice—
Good Lord deliver us!"

The trial proved the end of Ellenborough (who wrote to Sidmouth next day to ask leave to resign), and the making of Hone, whose triumph was celebrated by great rejoicing and the raising of a subscription. Newspapers all over the country took a part. The Whig aristocrats were represented by the Duke of Bedford, and the Whig clergy by Dr. Parr. Hone's was indeed a momentous achievement. He had stood up for seven or eight hours at a stretch two days running against a judge of great ability, who never shrank from using his brutal power, and his acquittal was of special importance, for it came at the very moment when Sidmouth was preparing fresh measures against the Press. Hone, who spent most of his life in going bankrupt over some escapade or another, was now one of the men of the hour, and there was a tremendous demand for his publications. His "Political House that Jack Built," published in 1809, with illustrations by Cruikshank, ran through fifty-four editions. Cruikshank got rather less than a pound apiece for his drawings. It may be worth while to give his description of the Prince Regent:—

"This is The Man, all shaven and shorn,
All covered with Orders, and all forlorn,
The Dandy of Sixty, who bows with a grace,
And has taste in wigs, collars, cuirasses, and lace,
Who, to tricksters and fools, leaves the State and its treasure,
And when Britain's in tears, sails about at his pleasure,
Who spurned from his presence the friends of his youth,
And now has not one who will tell him the truth,
Who took to his counsels in evil hour
The Friends to the Reasons of lawless power,
That back the Informer, who
Would put down the Thing that in spite of new Acts,
And attempts to restrain it by soldiers or tax,
Will poison the vermin, that plunder the wealth
That lay in the house that Jack built."

Hone, who had always resented being called an atheist, as Mr. Hackwood shows, and was no doubt quite sincere when he maintained in Court that he had no wish to bring the Bible or any sacred literature into contempt, was "converted" towards the end of his life, and solemnly and formally received into the congregation of the Weigh House. The man who had been held up to horror by Ellenborough, spent the last years of his life as sub-editor of a religious paper. It would have given Ellenborough even greater satisfaction if he could have known that Hone would live to fear "that the Reform Bill had gone too far, and that the Government had, like Frankenstein, raised a monster they could not tame."

SPINSTERS COURAGEOUS.

In the revealing breath of autumn there are spiders' webs everywhere. The long grass has wisps of white muslin that in the sunshine will become dangerously invisible snares. Crannies in the walls or close-clipped box and yew hedges are draped with the thick felt of the tunnel spider. On every insect-haunted garden shrub the diadem spider has woven its geometrical spiral on radiating spokes; within doors, the ceilings are spread with gum-wired entanglements, and all sorts of draw-nets are woven from chair to table, or in likely corners, between one visit of the housemaid and the next. Less obviously of the weaving fraternity are the hunting spiders that stalk their prey on a sunny wall, then suddenly leap on it and give it at once the fatal bite before it has time to fly away. These two, however, take the precaution to anchor themselves to a cable before leaping, so that if hunter and prey slip from a vertical surface, they are brought up like mountaineers on a rope.

There is certainly no order of creature more worthy of study than that of the spiders, and there is none of similar importance that has been less observed in a systematic way. The stupid butterfly has attracted the collector by its beauty; ants, bees, and wasps, chiefly through the obvious virtues of the social species, have been more thoroughly studied since the days of Aristotle; but the spider is usually dismissed with the remark that it is not an insect, and with the mental note that its soft body is not collectable. As for its life history, well, it just makes a web upon a bush and eats what falls into it. In America, Dr. H. C. McCook, who died last year, has done tardy justice to the spider in a work of scientific rather than popular importance, and we are glad to see that Mr. E. A. Ellis has published the result of his English observations in a very readable and well-illustrated book on "Spiderland" (Cassell). We have here just what the young naturalist needs as a whetstone of his zeal for a branch of study that he might otherwise lose, and for everyone it opens a little-suspected window on the instinctive intelligence of a most interesting tribe of the smaller creatures.

We are not alone in selecting as the hall-mark of mental and, in the end, spiritual progress, providence for the rainy day and care for one's posterity. The butterfly has the instinct that may well be guided by a mechanical and unperceived stimulus, to lay her eggs only on the particular food-plant in a wilderness of bushes that the caterpillars can live on, the small tortoiseshell on nettles, the brimstone on buckthorn, the purple emperor on willow. But the bee hatches the egg she has laid, and feeds her child as the bird feeds its chick in the nest, or she stores the future nursery with honey and pollen, or if its diet is to be of flesh, with caterpillars or spiders, very scientifically prepared so that they shall be eaten with the freshness of the oyster that goes down the throat alive. Clearly the bee is the higher in the scale of insect civilisation. To which category, then, does the spider approximate? Every little black heath spider that runs about so swiftly in the autumn sunshine, has a ball of eggs between her hind legs, which she guards more zealously than a dog his bone, and which she toasts in the sun and incubates with the warmth or protection of her body, because it contains the future life. We say "every spider" without forgetting the males, though they would clearly have no

bundles of eggs to carry. They have disappeared, most probably having been eaten by their provident mates in the interests of the selfsame eggs.

The familiar diadem spider of our gardens, or its little observed congener, the shamrock spider, has her balls of eggs with her in the little den that commands the mazes of her cart-wheel webs. These she will defend with her life against the attack of any reasonably fightable creature that seeks to eat them. What else she does for them we cannot tell. She cannot tend the young, simply because the time of their hatching is conveniently fixed for another year, when she must have ceased to exist. Nor has it occurred to her, as to another spider, to die upon the cocoon and let her body furnish the young spiders with their first meal.

Concerning another spider, *Riparium*, the tent-maker, Mr. Ellis writes:—

"The mother remains in the immediate vicinity of her home, preying upon ants, and keeping strict guard over her defenceless charge until the young spiderlings hatch out. They remain about the old home for several weeks after emerging from the cocoon, enjoying the affectionate attention of their devoted parent. She is unflinching in her attentions, and provides the youngsters with food until they are able to fend for themselves."

Such continuous solicitude for the welfare of her young is rare in the spider, simply because the opportunity for it is rare. Having laid the eggs, she is usually compelled to leave them soon after. Perhaps that circumstance makes the care she takes of her lifeless and unrewarding eggs all the more remarkable. She extends her energies beyond the hereditary trade of spinning, and brings in other arts for this supreme end. The somewhat rare south coast spider which Mr. Edward Connold called in a recent book the "fairy-lamp-maker" encloses its eggs first of all in an exceedingly delicate silken case, then daubs it laboriously with mud till it looks like a carelessly-thrown clot on the ling or bell-heather. Other egg-cases can be commonly seen covered with the empty skins of flies and other dinner remains, as though the mother had not only their hiding in view, but some thought of providing food for her unborn young. What would such mother-love think if it could know that the food of the first spiders hatched is to be the bodies of their younger brethren and some of the eggs she has guarded so carefully from other enemies? Is it only the tiny girl spiders that eat their brothers as they will eat their husbands in later life? Probably so, for in nature it is usually the female that, by superior nourishment in the egg, begins life earlier than the male.

Knowing the spider's excellent family record, we are prepared to look with a friendly eye on her means of livelihood. The fly, by the way, has lately got such a bad name as a carrier of disease that the most rigid humanitarian can look with some complacency on its struggles in the web of even a wantonly cruel spider. The meddler who tries to assist a fly into the web soon comes to see that the science of catching a blue-bottle in a net of such extreme fineness is no slight one. The radiating spokes must be of great strength and regularity, and the sticky cross strands of just the right degree of elasticity for a give-and-take, beside which the landing of a salmon on trout tackle is mere haulage. To construct such a snare in a barrel-end would be comparatively easy, but the spider has to find her points of support wherever she can in most irregular surroundings. She may have to begin by floating a cable across a chasm five yards wide, and end by hanging a small stick on a spoke, because she cannot reach the ground. She has her own idea, usually determined by her species, as to whether the sticky part of the web had better be run in a spiral or taken to and fro, and whether the whole orb should be limed or a sector left for the travels of the proprietress. Some spiders swear by the automatic web, drawn just sufficiently taut like the spring lines with which the Indian catches fish in the Brahmapootra; others follow the example of Izaak Walton, who struck his roach with a turn of his wrist just when the float told him. There is nothing more accurate in Nature than the way in which the spider

catches the silken strand between the double claws of her foot, and, testing the tightness with one leg, fastens it to its support with a deft touch of the other. The fisherman does not more deftly coil his long line barbed with eager hooks than she coils her life-line, and prepares to pay it out if occasion demand. On the whole, we would recommend the reader whose admiration of the usual garden spider has grown stale, to seek out the spider called by Mr. Ellis the "spring-net weaver," and see how by suddenly releasing the rope with which it has been holding its snare tight, it "hopelessly involves its unhappy captive."

Short Studies.

THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

It was an afternoon in late September. She was very happy, for it was a beautiful day for her one half-holiday, and she was going to wear her new hat and go out with Eric. She sang to herself as she washed up her luncheon things, and thought about Eric and about the hat. All the morning, too, she had thought about them in the crowded, stuffy office where she worked. Her employer had blamed her for idleness, and the ribbon of her typewriter had got twisted, and she had wasted half-an-hour trying to put it right; but she had not minded; she could not mind anything because she was so happy.

The greengrocer's family with whom she lodged did not cook at midday, so she always did her own lunch. The plates and knives were all quite clean. She put them away on the shelf, and washed her hands very carefully. Then she did her hair, and changed her dress. She took pleasure in the mere act of dressing, apart from the wish to look her best for Eric.

It was all done, and now she was ready for the hat; it was a black hat with a long, blue feather, the nearest blue to her eyes that she could get, for she had read somewhere that Frenchwomen always dress to match their eyes, and she had a passionate admiration for all things French. Impartially, she contemplated herself in the glass. She wished her hair was not quite so fair; it had been her ambition ever since she was a child to have black hair; really black as she imagined the hair of French people to be; short of that she would have liked it auburn; her own was a commonplace color, and she could not bear to be commonplace. But the hat was a decided success; there could be no doubt of that. She looked at her watch; it was only two o'clock; Eric was to meet her at the corner at a quarter-past two; she would be too early if she started yet.

She sat down at the window, and tried to take an interest in the passers-by; but they did not interest her much. There were some workmen mending the road just in front of her window, and a motor bus went past with three schoolboys on the top. Then she watched some customers buying apples at the shop underneath; there was a fussy lady, who felt all the apples with her fingers, and seemed sure that Mrs. Knapp was trying to cheat her. Flo looked at her watch again; it was ten minutes past two now; it would take her five minutes to reach the corner. She glanced once more in the glass, and fastened a little wisp of hair that had got loose, then she looked at her bag, to make sure that she had forgotten nothing; her purse was there, and her handkerchief, and chocolate creams to eat on the 'bus, and a note from Eric, with plans for the afternoon. He was going to take her to see some pictures at the Franco-British Exhibition; he had seen caricatures of them in the "Daily Mirror," and thought they must be funny; anyhow, they were the thing to see, and he believed that some of them were by French painters. Flo did not care much for pictures; she liked music better; but she liked to go anywhere with Eric. And in the spring she had been so unhappy! Who could have believed she would be so happy now? She would never have believed it!

Eric was waiting for her at the corner. She saw him a long way off, and tried not to smile too soon.

They walked to the end of the street, and then took a 'bus; it was to be a long 'bus ride, which Flo loved. They climbed to the top, and sat down on the front seat of all. There was hardly any wind, and it was a better view in front. They crossed the bridge, and saw the sun on the river. There had been frost in the early morning, and there was still a pleasant keenness in the air. Overhead, the sky was clear, pale blue, and the clouds were small and very white.

Flo's cheeks tingled, and she drew long breaths of the cold, clean air; it was not often that she had the chance of such a ride on such a day.

She looked with pleasure at the trees in St. James's Park as they passed by; the leaves were beginning to turn, and a few had fallen with last night's frost. By Knightsbridge Barracks the 'bus slowed down, and she glanced down carelessly at the people getting out and getting in. Silly people, they most of them got inside because they thought it was cold. If they only knew!

Suddenly she drew in her breath; it seemed as though her heart stood still; then it beat very rapidly, she seemed to feel it right up in her throat and to hear it throbbing in her ears. She saw him standing on the pavement, her Beloved of last year!

He was standing with his hands behind him, watching for a clear space to cross the street, and he did not see her, for his eyes were fixed on the roaring stream of traffic in front of him. She saw the keen, alert expression that she knew, and she saw him smile at some remark of the man who stood beside him; she saw the dark, clean-shaven face, and the blue shadow where he shaved, she even saw that he was wearing a blue tie that she knew. A strange feeling of sickness came over her, and a frantic terror that he might see her. If only the 'bus would move on! But in front there was a block; it could not move. Oh, why had she seen him? It was so long since she had seen him! Not since Broadstairs; and she had begun to be so happy! Eric said something to her, but she could not listen, she could not speak, she could not breathe, and there was still that throbbing in her ears and in her throat.

At last the block in front cleared, and they moved on, jolting in full swing noisily. She felt a frantic desire to increase the pace; it was as though he were pursuing them and they would not hurry. She felt a groundless certainty that he, too, was going to see the pictures, that she would meet him there; but he did not like pictures, he used to take her to concerts—was that why she liked concerts best? The thought flashed through her mind with a horrible semblance of revelation—long Promenade Concerts in the Queen's Hall, how her feet had ached, and what bliss it had been!

"What was it Eric kept saying?" she turned to him inquiringly.

"Do you see the monkey?" he repeated, and she looked vaguely round.

"Monkey? What monkey?" she caught sight of it sitting on the pavement beside a barrel organ, and thought how cold it looked.

"Oh, yes; what a dear! I do love monkeys!" and she smiled appreciatively.

"Who did it remind you of? Its face, I mean," asked Eric. She looked at him, startled. It reminded her of nothing but the face she had just seen; not that he was at all like a monkey, but because that filled her mind.

"Nothing particular," she said. "It doesn't remind me of anyone."

"Not Alfred Hastings?" She looked blank. "You remember Alfred! We met him that day at Hampton Court; and I pointed him out to you; face exactly like that!" and Eric chuckled.

Why had he mentioned Hampton Court? She used to go there with that other one—even to herself she avoided his name. She was sure he would be at the Exhibition; she wished she need not go in.

The domes and cupolas of the White City were in sight now; then the 'bus stopped.

She walked dumbly by Eric's side, obediently gazing at the objects he pointed out, afraid to look up at any of her fellow-spectators lest she should see that

one she dreaded. Each new footfall seemed to her familiar—terrible. Her eyes wandered restlessly from one picture to another, as Eric read the titles aloud from the catalogue in his hand. They did not interest her at all: there were so many of them, and he would want to see them all. At last they were finished.

"Time for tea now," Eric remarked cheerfully, and they drifted away from the stupid, staring pictures, through the crowd of people.

She had not seen him after all. She realised now that he was not there; indeed he had been going the other way. She felt unutterable relief, and mixed with the relief a strange sense of blankness and emptiness; all point in the day seemed gone. Eric was studying the list of possible teas, and appealed to her for instructions.

"Chocolate?" he suggested, and again she smiled.

"Yes; chocolate and cakes, I think," she said, and he called to the waitress.

She watched his face with its kindly expression and small sandy moustache—nobody could think he was like a monkey. A dull anger was filling all her mind, anger against that other one who had spoiled her beautiful afternoon, and more than the afternoon. Oh, why had she seen him just then? He did not want her himself, but he would take her from Eric; she wished he was dead! The girl brought the chocolate and cakes; Flo turned; she caught sight of herself in the looking-glass, and the new hat with the blue feather. She was surprised to see that she looked just the same as when she had started; she did not feel the same.

She watched the steam rising from the chocolate, while Eric talked of aeroplanes and one he had seen last Saturday.

Oh, how miserable she was! And the girls in the office wanted her to sign a petition for Woman Suffrage!—as if votes would make any difference! How little they knew of life!

ROSALIND MURRAY.

Contemporaries.

TSAR FERDINAND.

IN forming an estimate of Tsar Ferdinand's character, we have to consider his upbringing, the condition of Bulgaria when he undertook the task of government, and his methods of procedure during the critical years. The opportunities of his youth might have spoiled any character not gifted with some fineness and a good deal of strength. Born to great wealth, and idolised by his mother, Prince Ferdinand of Cobourg had at his command every source of gratification, good and bad, the world afforded. But the mother, Louis Philippe's daughter, was a woman of high ideals, firm resolution, excellent taste, rare accomplishments, and if she loved her son to the unwise point of inability to refuse him anything, the son, in his adoration of his mother, shrunk from paining her. The young Prince, say competent authorities to whom the present writer owes many such details, was sensitive; the bare suspicion of his mother's displeasure made him miserable. The sower, say they, scattered her seed on good soil. "She appealed to the best that was in him; she put him upon his honor, and trusted to the result." Under his mother's guidance, the son learned a few languages, read European literature—particularly history, political economy, social questions (as he does to this day), and cultivated his inherited taste for the arts. Natural history became with him a passion, which the young landlord turned to good account on his vast estates, and from which Bulgaria was to reap the benefit. He travelled through Germany, England, France, the Balkan States, European Turkey, Asia Minor, taking stock of them all. So Ferdinand satisfied the first test of his character. A well-educated, experienced man of the world, observant, versatile, cosmopolitan, he had developed into by the time he was twenty-six—when, one day in August, 1887, Stambouloff's emissaries, tired

of hawking their vacant throne over half Europe, hunted him up in Vienna, and made him an offer. A first offer had been tendered some months earlier, also by a Stamboulist deputation—one of whom, in after years, in the rose gardens of Kezanlik, related the adventure to the writer of this sketch. The Prince, said our friend, said he would think the matter over. . . . He had need to. Prince Waldemar, receiving the same offer, treated it as a grim joke. After his rude, humiliating experiences, Alexander of Battenberg curtly refused to make himself a third time the laughing-stock of Europe. So the hour had come when the Cobourg Prince must say "Yes" or "No." He said "Yes"; slipped off secretly with the Dictator's messengers, and in two or three days, aboard the same river-boat from which the kidnapped Battenberger had been deposited on the Northern bank of the Danube, made his first acquaintance with the Bulgarian Ministers.

The nine years' ordeal that followed was a far severer test of the character of the man upon whom, as Tsar of the Bulgars, depends in a large measure the fate of European Turkey. The flashy glory of a throne had no great temptation for him. But he had the practical ambition of an Orleanist-bourgeois man of business. He would win distinction as Master-builder of a new European State. The risks were formidable. But he made up his mind that they were worth facing. No one could tell whether Bulgaria was to become a Russian Protectorate, or whether Eastern Roumelia, that lately had voted her annexation to the Principality, would be wrenched asunder, and, like Macedonia, flung once again under the heel of the Turk. The Dictator called in was fighting Russia and Turkey both; was execrated by them both. And such a Dictator was this Stambouloff! The most remarkable Bulgar of modern times—this short, thick-set peasant, with his dark, piercing glance, huge head, high Tartar cheek-bones, and abrupt gruff manners; the incarnation of the Bulgar passion for freedom and implacable hatred for the Turk; a semi-barbarous hero who, without ruth and without scruple to compass his all-absorbing purpose, imprisoned, tortured, executed all (his own intimate friends among them) whose ideas of policy differed from his own. Forced into many a compromise with his ferocious, all-powerful Minister, who often bullied him to his face; striving hard and patiently to mollify the Great White Tsar and the pro-Russian party in Bulgaria, while pleading with the party of "Bulgaria for the Bulgarians" that gratitude to the "Liberator" was consistent with determination for independence; "cut" by all the Chancelleries of Europe, on the ground that the method of his election violated the Berlin Treaty and the Sultan's rights; baffling conspiracies, some against his own person, others against the new régime, as in the case of the Russian officers whom the pitiless Minister, despite the Prince's intervention, put to death; and all the while assailed by the bulk of the European press—such was the position of the Bulgarian Prince, for seven years, until the eventful day in 1894, when he quietly dismissed the Dictator. He had known how to wait. Stambouloff's misdeeds had, at last, aroused a national resentment. The Prince's second chance had come, and he seized it. Twenty thousand congratulatory telegrams from all parts of Bulgaria poured in upon him within forty-eight hours. Then the Sultan graciously recognised his vassal. Then the vassal, with ready tact, hied him to Yildiz, and, with a red fez cocked over his wavy-blond hair, made obeisance to his suzerain, Abdul Hamid. Then the Potentates of Europe recognised him, flattered him right and left, especially in Paris and St. Petersburg. So much for the upshot of Ordeal Number Two. Whatever else may be thought of Tsar Ferdinand, no one will deny that he is a remarkably clever diplomatist.

It is said of him that he covets the surname "Macedonicus." But those who have long known him intimately aver that he never provoked the war from which, conceivably, he may derive the title, whether as Tsar of "Greater Bulgaria," or simply as a liberator of Macedonia. A certain air of cold reserve was associated, in the public mind, with ambitions of an egoistic

nature. For many years, his subjects—the people of Sofia in particular—resented his distant manner. His popularity began somewhat late, and grew slowly—but surely, as events have proved. The more the Bulgars (a suspicious folk) knew him, the more they liked him—or, at least, trusted him. A readier analysis might have enabled them to discern a sympathetic, uncere-monious, homely, humane personality in the man who, as head of the State, was a rigorous stickler for etiquette, for deference to his high position, craving to make the Court of his semi-barbaric Bulgaria a miniature Versailles, or Tuileries, for cultivated entertainment and artistic elegance. The double personality reveals itself in the man's exterior—the tall, erect, stalwart, bluff, soldier-like figure, with its indication of fastidious sensitiveness, in the set of the eyes and face, and in the delicacy of the hands and carefully tended nails. He is a favorite with the peasants, of whose language he is a master, with whose habits he is familiar. He loves to stroll with them about their fields, stables, byres, pig-styes, discussing his pet topics—agriculture, local industries, and the village school. During an Eastertide in Church, and near the spot where the present writer stood, the Prince, lost in the closely-packed, incense-smoked multitude, was making his way through it inch by inch, when he gave a hearty handshake and pat on the shoulder to a peasant squeezing up from the opposite direction. He must have met him in one of his rambles.

"Pacifist" and enthusiastic organiser of the first-rate army of which he is the Chief, it is on the whole fair to conclude that the development of a strong Bulgaria, through agriculture, internal industries, international trade, free universal training, and the graces of Western civilisation, is Tsar Ferdinand's real ambition. The equipment of the Black Sea ports, the extension of roads and railways, the amazing development of the capital—with its public buildings, and literary, scientific, and scholastic institutions—owe much to his personal care. The splendid gardens of Euxinograd, Sofia, and Vrana are his own creation. The Christian "herd" of the Macedonian villages still wear the furtive, timid, haunted look their kinsmen wore in the wretched village that was Turkish Sofia thirty-four years ago. But when "the Turkish Night" of five hundred years, now ending, has passed away, that beautiful land will soon grow into the likeness of the gaiety and freedom, the contentment and optimistic energy, of the Bulgaria of Tsar Ferdinand.

Letters to the Editor.

"WANTED, A PURE BREAD BILL."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is imperative necessity for national insistence upon the purity of bread. Unfortunately, this staple article of diet is not only drugged, but overweighted with water, to the prejudice of thousands of our workers. That public apathy should permit unscrupulous tradesmen to defraud the public of something like £20,000,000 per annum, computed on the modest estimate of one farthing per person per day—a fabulous amount, truly—is a matter for consideration; but, when there is added to this huge financial disadvantage to the purchaser the further disadvantage of ruined health, consequent upon the forced daily ingestion of noxious drugs in our diet, then, indeed, the problem of food purity is one of grave concern to those of us interested in the future of our race.

It is, therefore, a matter for congratulation to the public that food purity should have found such an able champion, and I venture to hope that you will not allow the public conscience to be lulled to rest on this important subject until the laws governing our food purity have been drastically amended.—Yours, &c.,

CAMOYS.

(Chairman of Executive, Pure Food and Health Society of Great Britain.)

20, Hanover Square, London, W.

October 21st, 1912.

THE CASE FOR BULGARIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—People of keen susceptibilities appear to have been painfully impressed by a passage in the manifesto of the King of the Bulgarians, which describes the present conflict in the Balkans as a "struggle of the Cross against the Crescent." Very few of those severe judges can have read the entire phrase, or they would have easily convinced themselves that it cannot bear the construction that is fastened on it. The words immediately following and qualifying that luckless expression, "a struggle of liberty against tyranny," is the best proof that, whatever else it may mean, it cannot be distorted into an appeal to religious fanaticism. Such a thing would have been entirely alien from the character of the Bulgarian nation, which, in religious matters, has always displayed a spirit of wide toleration. All those who have studied Bulgaria, or lived there any length of time, would bear ready witness to the liberal-minded way in which Bulgarians approach the delicate subject of man's relations to God. We are attached to our religion and Church, to which we owe the preservation of our nationality; but in that fidelity there is nothing exclusive or aggressive, and the various Protestant and Catholic missions in our country have never had cause to complain of our hospitality, whatever they may think of our imperviousness. The imputation of bigotry, which rests on a truncated sentence, and ignores our past history and our national temperament, may, therefore, be dismissed as a baseless charge.

We must, however, protest in stronger terms against the dishonest efforts made in Constantinople and elsewhere to displace the question at issue, and to represent the struggle now going on as an attack on the Mohammedan religion. The explanation of this policy of misrepresentation is not far to seek. The Turks, while never displaying special abilities in other respects, have always shown themselves astute experts in drawing the red herring over the trail. For some considerable time past, English influential organs and responsible persons, whose main preoccupation seems to be how best to escape from performing a solemn duty, have been approaching a European problem from the standpoint of the Indian Pan-Mohammedans. Why should anyone be then surprised to find the manipulators of public opinion in Constantinople taking their *mot d'ordre*, and doing their best to improve on it? The temptation was too great, and the advantages too patent to be resisted; but in Turkey they must be perfectly conscious of the hollowness of this trick. Of all people, the Turks have received the most convincing proofs of our religious toleration. Bulgaria has a Turkish population of nearly half a million, and that fact in itself should dispose of the charge which is at present levelled at our country. The latter is almost the only one of the former dominions of the Sultan which has succeeded in retaining the fealty of its Mohammedan inhabitants; and this in the face of the systematic propaganda of a host of 'softas and mullahs to persuade them to shake off the rule of the Infidels, and emigrate to Asia Minor, or elsewhere. A good number of the Turkish families which followed this advice have, after tasting the sweetness of Turkish rule in Anatolia, returned to the land of their fathers, and are now contented and law-abiding citizens of Bulgaria. The Mohammedan religion is one of the three cults which are maintained by the Bulgarian Government which also supports the Mohammedan schools. We have a considerable number of Mohammedan Bulgarians—the Pomaks—who speak the purest Bulgarian dialects, and hardly know a word of the Turkish language. If the Bulgarians had been a proselytising race, they would have displayed their zeal in their relations with these Pomaks. We know of European nations which are trying to absorb foreign ethnic elements, and, if I am not mistaken, even in India Christianity is rather a militant faith. A similar policy on our part as regards the Pomak population might have found some justification in the natural desire to bring people of our own flesh and blood back to their old fold. Have any of your readers heard of a Pomak being harrowed on account of his religious convictions?

The same friendly attitude has been the distinguishing feature of the general policy of our nation and Governments in their relations with the Turkish population. Since the present crisis opened, the English press has been inundated with reports from Constantinople, attributing to us all kinds

of outrages on the Turkish inhabitants of Bulgaria; entire towns were represented as burnt, and hundreds of Turks massacred. Bulgaria is just now honored with the presence of whole legions of foreign journalists; but we are still waiting for a confirmation of these misdeeds. But we know that Turkish subjects of the Sultan have been permitted to remain in Bulgaria, and that the military authorities have received most stringent orders not to tolerate any molestation of the Turkish populations. The authority of law in Bulgaria is not an empty word, as it has more than once proved in Turkey. Only three years ago, in Roustchoux, thirty Bulgarians were shot dead, and twice as many wounded, because they tried to prevent the police from restoring to her family a Turkish girl—a minor—who had, of her own accord, left her home to marry a Bulgarian. Compare this with a similar incident in Salonika, in 1876, when a Bulgarian girl had been forcibly carried off by a Turk. The foreign representatives intervened for the release of the victim, whereupon an infuriated crowd murdered the French and German Consuls. The law of the fanatical Turkish crowds to this day remains one of the governing principles of the Ottoman Empire, as was recently shown at Istib and Kotchana; and it is a Government which tolerates such a state of things, and accords practical immunity to notorious evil-doers, that now protests against Bulgarian intolerance!

In one sense only may the present struggle in the Balkans be described as a conflict between two religious conceptions. Religion and politics in Turkey are inseparably interwoven. The entire Mohammedan conception of state policy rests on a religious basis, and its central principle consists in differentiating between the true believers and the rest of the subject populations. The demands of the allied Balkan States for an equality of political rights, irrespective of religious persuasion, cannot be easily reconciled with the precepts of the Koran, and in so far as the war now raging has for its great object the enforcement of these demands, it may be described as an attack on the Mohammedan religion. But our enemies do not choose to state the matter in that way, and one quite understands their reluctance; for it would then become manifest to everybody that, under the guise of religion, which, as such, no one thinks of attacking, they are really claiming the privilege of oppressing populations which do not profess their faith, and the task of enlisting the sympathies of Great Britain, which, nearly sixty years ago, erased from its Statute Books the last vestige of political disabilities on religious grounds, would have to be given up as well-nigh hopeless.—Yours, &c.,

M.

October 24th, 1912.

"EUROPE AND ASIA."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was glad to see Mr. Mohammad Ali's letter in THE NATION last week. It stated the case precisely. No one who knows the facts and has followed the course of events in the Near East for the last thirty years can believe for a moment that the mainspring of this most unholy war in Macedonia has been the massacres of Christians. But, admitting that they have had something to do with it, we must be forced to conclude that: (1) Massacres of Christians by Christians, as in Transcaucasia, Poland, and the Baltic Provinces, are to be tolerated as Imperial necessities; (2) that massacres of Jews by Christians, as in Kieff, Odessa, and elsewhere within the Russian Empire, do not call for reforms; (3) that massacres of Moslems by Christians, as in Tripolitania and Persia, are to be excused. I need not refer to the massacres in Morocco now going on, nor to the little Abor affair, of which the blood is scarcely dry on England's hands.

I think, sir, the less said about Christianity, which absolutely forbids the drawing of the sword, or the smiting even of one's adversaries, the better for our religious conscience. What all true Liberals of every European country should ask themselves now is: Cannot reforms be carried out by better means than the sword? Do we really believe that Turkey was given by her neighbours, great or small, a chance to carry out the reforms every educated Moslem desires? Did not England discourage Turkey in giving autonomy to any of her dependencies by her clutch on

autonomous Egypt, and Austria by her annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina? Has not Italy by her raid on Tripoli, and her treatment of the Arabs there, destroyed for ever the Moslem belief in Christian morals and Christian civilisation?

Let me recall two personal experiences: A day spent in Trebizonde with the Sultan's chief engineer and his wife. They were both Poles who had fled from the tyranny of Christian Russia. They both declared that they were quite happy living under Moslem rule. His only complaint was that he had to wear the fez—for he was not a Mohammedan, but a Roman Catholic—to protect himself from the rude boys, who, as in this country, objected—sometimes violently, with mud and stones—to the appearance not familiar to them. The second is a conversation with an Egyptian, young, and unhappy in the fact that he had lost his mother. "Madame," he said, "believe me, if the Christians had put into practice their Christianity in our country, we should all have become Christians."

And now let us consider what are the actual benefits the Christian nations have conferred upon these Moslem countries all the world over. Increased commerce, with its increase of dishonesty and chicanery, and the introduction of grog-shops and brothels—*voilà tout!*

Being a woman, I naturally prefer the beauty and variety of national and natural progress to the drab monotony of commerce, and think the harem and non-alcoholism better for the human race than the brothel and the grog-shop.

But the die is cast, and humanity has once more taken the wrong turning; and until the passions now let loose in the South-East of Europe are cooled in torrents of blood, all we can do is to minimise the suffering they cause to innocent and guilty alike. May I remind your readers, therefore, that the Committee for the Relief of Women and Children in War-time, formed to relieve—in the first instance—the suffering in Tripoli, will be glad to receive and acknowledge subscriptions for that purpose, to be sent either to the Hon. Secretaries, 3, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, or to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. S. R. Scott, Lloyd's Bank, Ltd., High Street, Hampstead.

Information as to the proposed methods of distributing the fund will be sent on application to the Chairman, Mr. C. E. Maurice, Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead, or to the Hon. Secretaries.—Yours, &c.,

N. F. DRYHURST.

October 23rd, 1912.

LIBERALS AND THE TAXATION OF LAND VALUES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I shall be obliged if you will allow me to say a few words in reply to your article of October 12th, and to a letter which appears in your last issue signed by Mr. Robert Stryling.

You say that it is difficult if we take the resolutions passed at the recent Land Values Conference, one after the other, to distinguish them in their cumulative effect from the Single Tax scheme. You then proceed entirely to misrepresent the effect of the resolutions by statements which assume that they propose not only to change the basis of rating, but also to change ratepayers, and incidentally to violate all existing contracts. Having entirely misrepresented our position, you, in the next paragraph, proceed to give as a statement of your position what is really a very fair statement of ours. I begin to think that the preposterous nonsense about the Single Tax, which has recently flooded the Tory Press, is beginning to undermine the constitution of Liberals who are usually more robust.

The resolutions passed at the recent Conference are based upon a memorial presented to the Prime Minister in May, 1911, signed by 173 Members of Parliament. This memorial urges the Government—

- (1) To hasten the completion of the valuation.
- (2) To make the valuation accessible to the public.
- (3) To empower local authorities to levy rates on the basis of that valuation.
- (4) To levy a Budget Tax on all Land Values to be applied—

(a) In providing a national fund to be allocated towards the cost of such services as education, poor relief, main roads, asylums, and police, thereby reducing the local rates, and

(b) In substitution of the duties on tea, sugar, cocoa, and other articles of food.

I will not comment upon (1) and (2). No rational objections can be urged to them, and I will deal, firstly, with (4) the proposed Budget Tax.

Let me say at once that, contrary to what you say, no member of the Land Values Group has ever suggested that this tax should be additional to the present taxes. When you say that it is unfortunate that this side of the land scheme should be associated with suggestions of increased taxation, you are merely putting to the debit of the Land Values Group the blundering misrepresentation of their opponents.

This tax is proposed to take the place of certain rates which politicians and economists of all sorts have long agreed should be national rather than local burdens. It is really the only possible way in which to meet these burdens. All economists are agreed that grants from the Exchequer in relief of rates are nothing but a bonus to the landowners. They fix their rent in the full knowledge that certain burdens called rates fall upon the tenants. Remove these rates and the rent will be raised. This is not only economic theory; in the case of the Agricultural Rating Act it is already an accomplished fact. The only way to prevent this is, when you have removed the rates, or a portion of them, to pay for the services originally charged upon these rates out of a tax on land values. It being clear that any payment by the Exchequer in relief of rates must be a bonus to landowners, the only way to counteract this further endowment of landlordism is to follow and reappropriate the bonus by means of a tax. The Land Values Group would be perfectly satisfied with the very moderate tax of 1d. in the £, which would bring in something between £15,000,000 and £30,000,000. The whole amount raised in rates is £70,000,000 a year. Of this sum at least £40,000,000 is spent on these public services. It is obvious that a scheme which would take away about one third of the rates and tax the ground landlords, who have hitherto escaped, would be not only a great relief to ratepayers, but an act of moderate and even-handed justice.

As to the rest of the rates, the proposal of the Land Values Group is that they should be paid, not by different persons, but on a different basis. The matter is not really complicated by existing contracts. Respect them all, so far as rates are concerned, and you will still be giving substantial relief to the ratepayers, and, above all, enormous relief to the poor cottagers, who are now scandalously over-rated. Seeing that you begin by taking off one-third of the rates, there will be few, if any, people who are now ratepayers upon sites put to fair use, and not under-developed or undeveloped, who will find their burdens increased.

Only as existing contracts fall in with the whole burden of the rates fall upon the owners of the land value, and they can take that fact into consideration in making their new contracts. As the tendency of a land-values tax is that it cannot be shifted, they will find themselves unable to shift the whole of it on to their tenants. No doubt some of it will be so shifted; but the advantage which the tenant will derive from the unrating of his improvements will easily compensate him for this.

To call proposals of so moderate a nature Single Tax or confiscation is simply an abuse of terms. There is not a single other proposal before the public to-day which gets anywhere near the objects at which you, as well as we, are aiming, and I protest most strongly against the repeated attempts which are made by men who profess and call themselves Liberals to discredit a movement which has the enthusiastic support of the rank and file, by confusing it with other proposals for which it is not responsible, and with which it has nothing to do.

Now, may I say a few words in answer to Mr. Robert Stryling? If he really thinks that the question of the rating and taxation of Land Values was finished by the provisions of the Budget of 1909, I should despair of convincing him to the contrary in the space of any letter which I could ask you to publish. But when he asks for a system of rating based upon capacity to pay, he clearly asks for a system by

which the present rates, in their ultimate incidence admittedly a burden upon land in that their existence restrains the landlord from exacting the rent which their non-existence would render possible, should be paid for out of the pockets of the general taxpayers. Such a proposal means simply the further endowment of landlordism. It is inconsistent with the whole course of Liberal policy. It ignores the whole distinction between the fruits of private industry and communally created wealth. It is quite true that it is no part of Liberal policy to single out one species of investment for inequitable taxation to the relief of other forms of investment; but on the day when Liberalism so far forgets its traditions as to embark upon a policy of endowing the landlords of this country with further grants of public money, it will have signed its own death warrant.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD G. HEMMERDE.

[Mr. Hemmerde first states that there is to be no additional tax. He then states that there is to be a tax of 1d. in the £ on capital values—say, 1s. 8d. on rental, which is wholly new.

(2) He assumes that this tax will bring in from 15 to 30 millions towards services which cost 40 millions. What then is the meaning of the further proposal that the proceeds should be applied to the reduction of food taxes? Where is the balance?

(3) He says that existing contracts make no difficulty. But (a) when rates are increased they will be paid, not by owners, but by lessees, until leases fall in. (b) Will the tax substituted for rates be governed by creating contracts, and be a way of getting round them? Rates and taxes may be paid in respect of property, but truly are paid by persons.—ED., NATION.]

"THE WANING OF NATIONALISM."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—That the nineteenth century stands for nationalism is, I suppose, generally accepted; it is the century to which the Cambridge Modern History volume on the "Rise of Nationalities" is devoted. Your further observation that the twentieth century will stand for internationalism seems equally well founded. I can remember when it took six months to communicate with Bombay and get an answer; now every place has instantaneous intercommunication, and all the world thinks together. It is the result of the great scientific advances of modern times, and Mr. Norman Angell's book points out some of its momentous consequences. As you proceed to remark, the attempts to stem the growing tide of internationalism by tariffs and other restrictive laws aiming at economic isolation are merely childish in their futility, and I think there is a bad time in sight for the Jingoism of all sorts, trade and military. Their strongest material support in Europe seems derived from the fact that they control the German policy, engineered by the Pan-Germans under that picturesque figurehead, the Emperor William, whose actions, however, as distinguished from his speeches, show that he realises that second thoughts may be best. I have often thought that the epitaph designed for a former English king might apply, with a few verbal adaptations, to the Kaiser:—

"Here lies our Sovereign Lord and King,
Whose word no man relies on.
He often says a foolish thing,
But mostly does the wise one."

Mostly, not always; but he may "tak' a thought and men"—who knows?—before the inevitable day when an epitaph will be required.—Yours, &c.,

F. M.

Brighton, October 20th, 1912.

EPIGRAM ON SHERLOCK.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The writer in your pages of the admirable review of my "Fleet Street in Seven Centuries" (the better because it is justly critical of faults) likes least my "sad misunderstanding" of the familiar epigram on Sherlock:—

"At the Temple, one day, Sherlock, taking a boat,
The waterman ask'd him, 'which way will you float?'
'Which way?' says the Doctor, 'why, fool, with the stream!'
To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him."

He tells me that this was written, not of Thomas Sherlock, but of his more famous father, William Sherlock. Both Sherlocks were Masters of the Temple.

Did anybody (including himself) ever suggest that William Sherlock should float to Lambeth (i.e., Canterbury)? He must have been a rare humorist who would have proposed for nomination as Primate of All England the apostate non-juror, whose appointment as Dean of St. Paul's created such a furore, and let loose so many evil passions. I am interested in William Sherlock, because he was lecturer at St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet-street, and there made his submission.

The facts concerning Thomas Sherlock are that unquestionably he was prominently mentioned for the vacant See of Canterbury in 1747. He had been Bishop of Bangor, and was then Bishop of Salisbury. Walpole long and consistently opposed his elevation to Canterbury. "The stream" was not with him. He appears to have refused an offer to the See (see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*), alleging ill-health. Next year London was vacant. There was not the same opposition to his translation to London. He floated "with the stream" to be Bishop of London:—

"To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him."

The epigram fits excellently. What possible application has it to Sherlock père? Of course, if your reviewer has found the lines (where I have failed) in any of the numerous lampoons of William Sherlock that appeared about the time of his apostasy I will admit myself wrong. But I am curious to see the epigram in such company.—Yours, &c.,

WALTER BELL.

3, Gray's Inn Place, Gray's Inn. W.C.
October 23rd, 1912.

Poetry.

THE WIND IN THE GARDEN.

WIND of the sea-way,
Wet Wind, drenched with spray!
Thou hast surely swept and lingered
Through the paths of an old garden
Loitered, spied there, beyond pardon!
Where my thoughts, my thoughts too, stray
When the twilight, chilly-fingered,
Turns the red to grey!

These are tears,
Not spray upon thy pinions!
Tears, tears,
Thou, pilgrim of the sea's august dominions,
Why didst thou leave
Those vexéd ways to creep
Into a garden given over to sleep,
Freed from the long obsession
And tyranny of the unavailing years?
Intruder!—thus to take possession
Of the secrets therein hidden
And a guest unbidden,
To sally forth with wings whereon
Gleam my tears, each one a gem;
Thou art drenched with them!
Begone, begone!
This garden made for my sad thoughts alone
I will not share with thee.
—Not for thy pleasure are the wild ways sown,—
Sea-thief, gaunt Wind, return unto thy sea!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Diaries of William Macready (1833-1881)." Edited by William Toynbee. (Chapman & Hall. 2 vols. 32s. net.)
 "A Survey of English Literature (1780-1830)." By Oliver Elton. (Arnold. 2 vols. 21s. net.)
 "The Inn of Tranquillity: Studies and Essays." By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 6s.)
 "Monarchs and Men." By Maximilian Harden. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Personality of Napoleon." By J. Holland Rose. (Bell. 5s. net.)
 "The Problem of Edwin Drood: A Study in the Methods of Dickens." By W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise." By E. B. Soane. (Murray. 12s. net.)
 "The Beginnings of Modern Ireland." By Philip Wilson. (Maunsell. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "A Wiltshire Village." By Alfred Williams. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)
 "Eton in the 'Seventies.'" By the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Scotland and the French Revolution." By H. W. Meikle. (MacLehose. 10s. net.)
 "Siberia." By M. P. Price. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Story of the Borgias." By John Fyvie. (Nash. 15s. net.)
 "Erica." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
 "L'Ame de Napoléon." Par Léon Bloy. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)

SUPERIOR persons, from Lucian to Lord Rosebery, have always been ready to laugh at the craze for collecting books for any other purpose than to read them, and of buying old editions dear when new editions are to be had cheap. Chesterfield, writing in this vein to his son, who neither needed the warning nor benefited by the advice, says that "the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads; for they may profit by the former. But take care not to understand editions and title-pages too well. It always smells of pedantry, and not always of learning." On the other hand, advocates of the practice have been thoroughly uncompromising in its defence. The Rev. J. Beresford, for example, classes it as a "high and dignified passion," to which he gives the name "bibliosophia," defining the term as "an appetite for collecting books, carefully distinguished from, wholly unconnected with, nay, absolutely repugnant to, all idea of reading them." Indeed, nearly every bookman has in him something of the collector's spirit, and we have no doubt that Mr. A. W. Pollard's stately volume on "Fine Books," which has just been added to Messrs. Methuen's "Connoisseur's Library," will be heartily welcomed into the world of books.

MR. POLLARD's study is restricted to "books which are prized either for their typographical beauty, their place in the history of printing, or the charm of their illustrations," and does not touch upon the more literary considerations which bring books within the collector's scope. While recognising that the aim of the book-hunter should be to secure the best books in the best editions, he puts forward a plea for the collector who is guided by other considerations.

"It can hardly be denied," he writes, "that to collect various kinds of books from an antiquarian, æsthetic, or any other well-defined point of view, not directly literary, is an independent pursuit in its own right, just as to collect old or beautiful china or silver is an independent pursuit, whether or no the china or silver be used for eating or drinking from. It will be said, of course, that on this view books are no better than china (or postage stamps), and there are, indeed, some strange instances of men who have fallen below their possibilities and have collected books, and not without success, despite a most amazing indifference to their contents. . . . But the ignorant book-collector, until he has educated himself, is like a rose-fancier who cannot distinguish one odour from another. By the time they attract the collector, books have become, or are on the road to becoming, so precious that their primary usefulness has to be left dormant. . . . But even when this limitation is recognised, for those who appreciate them they preserve all the associations of their primary use, and it is because these associations are so delightful and so various that the bookman claims that his form of collecting is the best of all."

RARITY and age, the two qualities often supposed to be most attractive to book-hunters, are held by Mr. Pollard

to be of minor importance. He maintains that strength and beauty of form are the sole merits inherent in any single edition, though association of ideas may give greater dignity to one edition than to another. Yet a passion for mere rarity has often led collectors into strange pranks. Burton tells of an acquaintance who, visiting London to be examined by a Committee of the House of Commons, suddenly disappeared, with all his money in his pocket, and returned penniless, followed by a waggon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible. And Mr. Joseph Shaylor, in an entertaining volume, "The Fascination of Books," published a couple of weeks ago by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, repeats the story of the book-hunter who paid a thousand pounds for a book which he already had, and then burned the duplicate so that his original copy might be unique.

LIKE many other hobbies, book-collecting has suffered at the hands of the specialist. There is a saying that at one of our universities a scholar who devotes himself to the study of the Gospels will profess an utter ignorance of anything to be found in the Epistles, and the extent to which specialism has been carried among book-collectors may be judged from Burton's amusing description of "Fitzpatrick Smart, Esq.":—

"He was not a black-letter man, or a tall copyist, or an uncut man, or an early-English-dramatist, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or an old-brown-calf man, or a Grangerite, or a tawny-moroccite, or a gilt-topper, or a marbled-insider, or an *editio-princeps* man; neither did he come under any of the more vulgar classifications of collectors whose thoughts run more upon the usefulness of study than upon the external conditions of their library, such as those who affect science, or the classics, or English poetic and historical literature."

MR. POLLARD advises book-lovers not to take up antiquarian or other fads, but to follow the example of Jean Grolier, who encouraged contemporary printing and book-binding by buying the best of his own day, and having them bound simply and well. It is true that modern Groliers will have to be experts both in paper and leather if they wish their books to survive. But this, as Mr. Pollard says, is only a crowning proof of how urgently they are needed.

MR. SHAYLOR, who has had a long experience of the book trade, points out another handicap of the modern collector—the decrease in the number of booksellers who have any real knowledge of the books they sell. The second-hand bookseller's shop has always been the best place for bargains, and the old type of bookseller, especially in country places, nearly always kept a corner for old books. His shop, too, formed a centre for talk about books, and encouraged an interest in them in the neighborhood. At present his existence is threatened by the competition of drapers, general dealers, canvassers, and by the issue of books on the instalment system. He is certainly not as important a factor in the distribution of books as he has been in the past, and we very much doubt whether the revival of apprenticeship, which Mr. Shaylor recommends, would do much to restore his position. His fate lies in the hands of the publishers, and should he disappear, he will be regretted, both by the collector on the look-out for some rare volume, and by the less ambitious book-lover who wants advice about the best books to buy and read.

SOME amusing anecdotes on the humors of bookselling are also to be found in Mr. Shaylor's collection. Many of these are concerned with the strange disguises titles assume, and the misrepresentations to which they give rise. Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" as "Tea-Pot Metal Ditties," "Reminiscences of Judge Hawkins" as "Many Sins of Judge Hawkins," and Darwin's "Descent of Man" as Darwin's "Indecent Man" are examples of the former. Among the latter we may cite the case of the Harrow boy, who, having begun to collect moths, and seeing a copy of "Advice to Young Mothers" in a shop-window, promptly bought the book; and that of the bookseller, who, during the excitement following the fight between Heenan and Sayers at Farnborough, laid in a number of copies of "The Mill on the Floss." A less simple-minded bookseller wrote to a clergyman, in reply to a request for a volume called "New and Contrite Hearts": "We regret to be unable to supply any 'New and Contrite Hearts,' as we are out of stock ourselves, and there are none to be obtained in the town."

Reviews.

THE ACTOR'S TEMPERAMENT.

"The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833-1852."
 Edited by WILLIAM TOYNBEE. (Chapman & Hall. 2 vols.
 32s. net.)

NEARLY forty years ago some selections from Macready's diaries were given to the world by the late Sir W. F. Pollock. Much was omitted, however, because Macready's opinions were expressed with almost brutal directness; but suppression of them is now no longer necessary. Mr. William Toynbee has, therefore, given us practically the whole of the great actor's "Diaries." They fill two volumes of more than 500 pages each. Possibly this book might have been reduced by a third without losing anything of value; but there is hardly an entry that is devoid of interest, and the diaries are indispensable to students of early-Victorian days. Macready himself was essentially of his period, dignified, romantic, and full of moral precepts. He might be the good boy of "Sandford and Merton" developed into a middle-aged man. Although an actor, he was a worshipper of the domestic virtues—and a sincere worshipper, too—for his happiest hours were spent with his wife and children at his Elstree home. Perhaps they feared him, as his own company feared this domineering and austere man. Macready certainly did not spoil his children, and his wife appears in these diaries merely as a background to his glory as man; but, on the other hand, the actor was much more human (if his self-analysis is sincere) than his contemporaries thought him to be.

There were few of his contemporaries of whom he did not fall foul. Dickens is a glorious exception; but Macready does not tell us very much about the author of "Pickwick." Browning, on the other hand, annoyed Macready. He first met the poet in 1835, when "Paracelsus" had appeared. "I was very much pleased to meet him. His face is full of intelligence." Browning's "Strafford" is, of course, dedicated to Macready, who produced it. The actor was pleased with it, on a first reading, although he had not believed it possible that a good play could be written in ten days! Later, he feared it was too historical: "It is the policy of the man, and its consequences upon him, not the heart, temper, feelings, that work on this policy, which Browning has portrayed, and how admirably!" The poet was not to be put off. He listened attentively to all Macready's objections, who confesses (in his diary) his disappointment at the management of the story. Macready's opinion of the play went from bad to worse, and he writes of its "feebleness and heaviness." Browning promised to make emendations, but arrived one day with "some scraps of paper, with points and unconnected lines—the full amount of his labor upon the alterations agreed upon. It was too bad to trifle in this way." Ultimately, Browning wished to withdraw the play; but it was decided he should have more time for alterations. Macready would have been "glad of any accident that would impede its representation." The alterations were mere "feeble rant." The critics received the play kindly. One of them, indeed, extolled it as the best play that had been produced for many years, and abused Macready for "pantings—a-a-s, &c." Browning seems to have expressed ingratitude, and Forster repeated it to Macready, who really had done much for "Strafford." The poet wanted him to study a new speech in the second act, and an entire scene in the fourth. Macready was "disgusted by the sickly and fretful over-estimate of his work, and was angry." Browning was never again in favor. Three years later, he called before Macready had finished his bath. He "really wearied me with his obstinate faith in his poem of 'Sordello,' and of his eventual celebrity." Browning even became "the puppy"!

Macready was an egotist, and viewed everything and every person from the point of view of how they affected him. Browning had written a bad play, and was troublesome about it. Bulwer Lytton, on the contrary, was very amenable about his plays. At first, Macready was shocked by the foppishness of Bulwer, whom "I found in very handsome chambers in the Albany, dressed—or, rather, *deshabillé*—in the most lamentable style of foppery, a hookah in his mouth, his hair, whiskers, tuft, &c., all grievously cared for . . .

His manner was frank, manly, and cordial in the extreme—so contradictory of his appearance." On a second visit, Bulwer Lytton was "less carefully set-up." Thackeray was not appreciated by Macready until "Vanity Fair" was published. "I had not given Thackeray credit for so much power. I had not done him justice; but I think this book places him in the very first rank of English novelists." Of Tennyson we see little; but an interesting account is given of "The New Timon" episode. According to Macready, it was due to Forster that Tennyson sent his attack on Bulwer to "Punch," although in after years the poet stated that the lines were sent without his knowledge. Carlyle fascinated Macready, who attended a lecture on "The Hero as Prophet," in which Carlyle "descanted with a fervour and eloquence that only a conviction of truth could give. I was charmed—carried away by him." Macready could not accept Carlyle's attribution of sincerity to David, in view of the Prophet, on his death-bed, recommending to Solomon the cold-blooded slaughter of Joab. Carlyle's conversation was "so amusing, so profound, so full of matter." On another occasion, he "inveighed against railroads, Sunday restrictions, almost everything, Ireland—he was quite in one of his exceptions moods. I love, however, to hear his voice." Eulogistic mention of Macready was made in one of the "Latter Day" pamphlets; but was expunged, as Carlyle thought the actor might not like it. "He little knows," wrote Macready, "what value I set upon a word of praise from him." Macready's desire for praise amounted to a passion. He was very sensitive of his social position as a play-actor, and nothing galled him more than the thought of the half-veiled contempt in which his profession was held by the "intellectuals" of his day. To be praised by Carlyle was, indeed, a solace to his spirit.

As a matter of fact, it is evident that Macready was held in high esteem by all sorts and conditions of men. The diaries give us glimpses of every man and woman of importance in his day, but he was at no pains to describe his impressions of them unless they came into his life in some way, and he was too prone to dismiss them with a contemptuous epithet. Lockhart, like Browning after the "Strafford" incident, was a "puppy." Of Hazlitt, he exclaimed: "What conceited trash that man has thought to pass upon the public, and how willingly many of them received the counterfeit as sterling!" Tennyson he did not admire, although the poet afterwards wrote a sonnet in his honor. The Hon. Mrs. Norton did not meet with his approval. "Mrs. Norton is most beautiful, witty, clever, but not elegant; she is affected and an intriguer. I suspect purpose in all she says." Macready mentions "the scandal of Lady Malgrave having broken open the desk of her lord, and sent Mrs. Norton's letters to Mr. Norton." Besides glimpses of the social and literary people of the period, Macready makes us see Taglioni, "the soul of a Peri tenancing a woman's form," Malibran, with whom he was once in love, and Schröder-Devrient, whom Wagner extolled to the skies. Macready wrote of Paganini: "His power over his instrument is surprising; the tones he draws from it might be thought those of the sweetest flageolet and hautboy, and sometimes of the human voice; the expression he gives to a common air is quite charming . . . but he is a quack." The diaries will be valuable for their outspoken references to contemporaries, but they are even more interesting as a human document.

Macready set himself down with a naïveté only equalled by Pepys, but he was given to deeper self-analysis. "My vanity, or avidity for notice or praise . . . I see is a weakness or, more properly, a folly." That was a self-conscious criticism of himself. The unconscious criticisms are more illuminating. He was, for instance, a severe critic of his own acting. "I acted disgracefully, worse than I have done for years," is a type of entry one reads over and over again in these diaries. He was never contented with his own acting. "Went to the theatre and played ill ('Macbeth'), I must presume, because ineffectively; and yet I never tried so much to play well, and never, never was it of so much importance to me to play well." This failure was a great disappointment, and was all the keener because he had studied "Macbeth" anew with the object of making "more simple, more chaste, and yet more forcible and real the passions and characters I have to portray." Yet the desire to stand well with the public, "the avidity

for notice or praise," made him forget all his own self-criticism when the professional critics repeated the same thing in the public prints. They were curs, blackguards, rascals, and fools. No epithet—and Macready was famous for his vocabulary of abuse—was too strong to brand the men who dared criticise him. He makes a great pretence of being above intrigue, but he employed a sort of journalistic go-between in Forster, and he was not above withdrawing an advertisement from the "Morning Post" and agreeably "accommodating" matters with the Editor, with the result that the advertisement was to be inserted and the attacks of the critic discontinued. The incident might have taken place to-day. There is no question, however, that Macready was a great artist, in the sense that he took inordinate pains with his work. He had an unbending spirit, and his obstinate opposition to long runs emptied his purse; he aspired to lead public taste instead of following it. Although a red-hot democrat in his political opinions, and he took a keen and intelligent interest in politics, he was an aristocrat by temperament. His austere and aloof manner made him very unpopular with his fellow-players. He was an actor by temperament as well as by profession, but he was not of the stage. "I wish I were anything rather than an actor—except a critic; let me be unhappy rather than vile." Yet, with all his dislike of the actor's calling, he had the histrionic temperament in its extremes of emotion.

Macready was always in despair, or in an ecstasy of superiority. He chides himself severely for losing his temper at rehearsal, and the language he employed is almost traditional. "God be my friend," he writes, "for I am too often an enemy of myself." No man ever heaped such ashes of contrition on his own head. In the very next entry you may read a furious attack on Charles Kean, an expression of the unreasonable jealousy from which Macready suffered all his life. He was jealous of every player, even of Helen Faucit. At the same time, he had not a petty mind, but was simply a mass of contradictions. His intellect pulled one way and his temperament another. This violent man, whose irritation with the egregious Bunn led to the famous assault, was calm and collected in the midst of the dangerous Forrest riot in America. The thought of providing for his children was always with him, and he retired as soon as he had earned a competence. It is a curious character that is revealed in the pages of this fascinating diary. The key to it is that Macready despised his calling and yet was in love with his art. He was full of deep religious feeling, which he applied to his conduct of life, and his self was almost sacrosanct in his own eyes. "What has my life been?" he asks. "A betrayal of a great trust, an abuse of great abilities." No wonder his "Hamlet" was one of his best performances.

A COMPLETE COLERIDGE.

"The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. (Clarendon Press. 2 vols. 16s. net.)

WHEN the psychologist comes who shall attempt "An Inquiry into the Visitations of Genius," he might well adopt, as the sole basis of his investigation, Coleridge's Complete Poetical Works. We have them here in two volumes, admirably produced and edited, amounting to well over 1,100 pages. By virtue of these, Coleridge, who was born in the year after Gray's death, and wrote his first known poem in 1787, takes a moderately distinguished place among the poets for whom we can only feel a certain compassionate reverence for their loyalty to an art that steadily refused to bestow any of its finer favors on their services. The eighteenth-century poets, those who were bound by, instead of transcending, their age, may not have been aware of their own rather painful limitations; but they were, at best, not allowed to know anything of the rarer ecstasy which is the poet's right, and to despise them is to despise a singularly unfortunate company of men. The good Mr. Akenside, had he lived a hundred years earlier, with all his desire and labor for poetry, might have set his heart dancing to some jolly song, instead of laboriously spending it on a forlorn

hope; and even he made some honorable endeavor to bridge the darkest years that poetry has known since its beginning in England, with little enough of the poet's one true reward, whatever he may have had of praise. And Coleridge normally—save for some divine whim, always—is of this company. He remarks of one of his earliest compositions that it is not beyond the power of any clever schoolboy; that it is no more than a *putting of thought into verse*. That was the staple industry of Coleridge and his fellows. Through 1,100 pages we find thought being put into verse; thought sometimes witty, sometimes dull, very often pompous and sentimental; but, save at one or two blessed intervals, never thought transfused into imagination and poetry. It shines in the gay little "Ode in the Manner of Anacreon"; it is elephantine in things like the "Religious Musings"; it struggles towards something rarer in stray lines like—

"And scatter livelier roses round,"

or stanzas such as—

"And oh! may Spring's fair flowerets fade,
May Summer cease her limbs to lave
In cooling stream, may Autumn grave
Yellow o'er the corn-cloth'd glade;
Ere . . ."

or it trots merrily as in the lines "Written After a Walk before Supper." It can become amazing, as in the "Lines to a Friend, who Died of a Frenzy Induced by Calumnious Reports," beginning:—

"Edmund! thy grave with aching eye I scan . . ."

it can perform admirable tricks, as in the epigram on Donne:—

"With Donne, whose muse on dromedary trots,
Wreath the iron pokers into true-love knots;
Rhyme's sturdy cripple, fancy's maze and clue,
Wit's forge and fire-blast, meaning's press and screw."

And then, when the technique has been brought under easy control by long use, and the philosopher has matured, it can reach true sublimity in "The Hymn before Sunrise" and "Dejection." Coleridge made all the poetic adventures approved by his time, and told of them generally as well as another, occasionally better. He wrote plays, too, and they make up one of the present volumes. In these he was Elizabethan by intention, and remained sealed of the eighteenth century in result. The sturdy strength that gave even Webster the mastery over his most unconsidered horrors was beyond the reach of the author of "Remorse," whose terror is the make-believe of a child. For the eighteenth-century Coleridge and his peers, the tragic clashing of the natural world and of humanity was not a great emotional ecstasy, but something of which to make a ceremony. They called it horrific, and were quite unmoved. Having none of the wisdom of imagination, they conceived the great wastes of tragedy to be a kind of fairy-land, peopled by Shapes and Presences, who moved to a perpetual accompaniment of tremendous thunder. The external confusion of action that was utterly unimportant in the Elizabethans, because it had behind it a supreme spiritual unity, became in the hands of these men a meaningless end, instead of a riotous symbol.

And in all this our psychologist of the arts might find much to entertain him before beginning to write his treatise, which treatise would be provoked by certain poems that cover, perhaps, sixty pages of these two volumes. The years 1797-8 are curiously memorable ones in the history of poetry. A poet, moving smoothly enough along the appointed ways of his age, "putting thought into verse" with some creditable success, in those years wrote "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," "Frost at Midnight," with its incomparable—

"Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles
Quietly shining to the quiet moon,"

and "Kubla Khan." Whatever achievement may be claimed by other poets, none can point to anything more manifestly drawn from a vigorous and enchanted imagination than

these poems. Divine caprice has overthrown reason, and, line by line, we meet with adventures that none can foretell, and none can re-conceive. In accounting for the visitation, our æsthetician-psychologist need be distracted by no external circumstance. It has been suggested that Wordsworth's friendship inspired Coleridge to this strange new enthusiasm. It may, indeed, have helped to loose the poet's tongue; but it cannot, in any way, account for the miracle of the word that he was to utter. The best work of Coleridge's later years was a development of his earliest and normal manner and vision, with stray flashes of the wonder that only for one short period attained to clear and sustained expression. In 1817 it broke into one fitful gust in the eleven lines of "The Knight's Tomb," and at another date we get—

"So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,
Thee only, God; and Thou shalt not despise
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice."

Even at his great period, Coleridge wrote with no certainty of genius. The three or four masterpieces were written at the same time as ineffective songs and pedestrian exercises, as far removed as possible from the heady inspiration of which he had tasted. What is yet stranger, the two moods and faculties may be found at this time in one poem, even in consecutive stanzas. That any poetic perception should be capable of setting these lines in the same poem is sufficiently amazing—

"'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath-bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
Deep in a woody dell.

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts
Were troubling Edward's rest;
But soon they heard his hard, quick pants,
And the thumping in his breast."

But there is, at least, a saving interval between them, whilst the beauty of the second stanza of the following succeeds the ill-shapen doggerel of the first with perfect unconcern—

"And he had passed a restless night,
And was not well in health;
The women sat down by his side,
And talked as 'twere by stealth."

"The Sun peeps through the close thick leaves,
See, dearest Ellen, see!
'Tis in the leaves, a little sun,
No bigger than your ee;"

Coleridge's visitation yielded him a small harvest of exquisite and essential poetry. He came face to face with song for one glorious season, and then, from time to time, he was vouchsafed a momentary glimpse that enabled his pen to touch the paper with something of the divine expectancy, but no more. Eleven hundred of these pages are as a prodigious monument, built in an outworn fashion, durable but dead. They are interesting to the analyst; they even have some intellectual excitement of their own at intervals; but it is all in verse that never sings or flies because of its own great imaginative discovery. And the remaining pages—less than a hundred of them—are among the most marvelous treasures of poetry. It is a sheer delight to write down again such things as—

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

and—

"The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way."

After all, the psychologist would but waste his pains. It is not to be explained. We can only watch Coleridge during those two years with "admiration," in Shakespeare's word,

"For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

THE KAISER AS PACIFIST.

"The German Emperor and the Peace of the World.

By ALFRED H. FRIED. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"Germany and the German Emperor." By G. H. PERRIS.
(Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.)

"England and Germany." (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)

Two opposite views are current of the German Emperor. One represents him as the "war lord," the wielder of the "mailed fist," the devotee of the "God of Battles"—the very type and embodiment of arrogant militarism. This is the conception of the ordinary English newspaper reader; indeed, it is largely the creation of our sensationalist press, whose delight in the Kaiser's vehement and impetuous personality has degenerated into habitual caricature. The other conception of the Kaiser regards him as the "Peace-Emperor." It is widely current in Germany, where he is, in consequence, suspected by the Pan-Germans; in France, where he is really popular; and, to some extent, in England, among enlightened Liberals. All the leading pacifists in every country seem to have great hopes of the Kaiser; Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, who is his intimate friend, Mr. Carnegie, the Baroness von Suttner, and—more particularly—Herr Alfred Fried, whose book on the Kaiser now appears for the first time in English dress. This is a book which no student of contemporary history can afford to miss. Herr Fried is the leading German pacifist, and has received the Nobel Peace Prize. He has worked for years in the face of calumny and abuse, and cannot be suspected of prejudice in favor of the Kaiser, or of the Prussianism of which the Kaiser is the fountain-head. Yet his belief in the Kaiser is such that he is inclined to hail him as the future "savior of Europe," the monarch who, alone among Western statesmen and heads of states, has the force of will, and perhaps the disposition, to abolish war in Europe, and to consolidate the civilised nations. Herr Fried's thesis is not mere fantasy; it is based upon a mass of evidence drawn from the Kaiser's many utterances—public and private—during the last twenty odd years. It is not merely that the Kaiser's reign of a quarter of a century has not been stained by bloodshed. Little stress is laid on this argument by the author, who perceives that it is double-edged. The credit for the forty years of unbroken peace in Western Europe cannot go to Germany alone; her neighbors may also claim their share.

Herr Fried's evidence of the Kaiser's pacifist inclinations is much more tangible and explicit. In bulk, this evidence is overwhelming; but it is not easy to summarise. The Kaiser cannot come out into the open as a prophet; but again and again he has shown, to use Herr Fried's phrase, that "he is convinced of the necessity of a united Europe, and is considering the problem." A famous instance is his interview with M. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, in London, at the time of King Edward's funeral. A report of that interview, which appeared in the "Matin," was substantially correct. The Kaiser, it said, had expounded his favorite theory to the French Minister—"that the peoples of Europe should, in the interests of humanity and civilisation, live in co-operation with each other, and join in forming a great and peaceful federation." The word "federation" was, perhaps, too definite to express accurately the Emperor's notion; he is first and foremost a German patriot, and, besides, is far too sensible to have much faith in any cut-and-dried scheme for linking the nations together. But the Kaiser is also a good European; by birth, by travel, and by intellectual inclination, he has been saved from narrowness. He has shown himself again and again in his utterances—Herr Fried's book is principally a mosaic of them—that he is intimately conscious of the community of Western culture, and of the absurdity of the present situation. The Kaiser's predilection for England and things English is a commonplace. It has been his life-long endeavor to bring about a reconciliation with France. As far back as 1890, he said to M. Jules Simon: "Anyone who seeks to drive our two nations into war is a fool and a criminal." Not long afterwards, M. Jules Simon was advocating in the "Figaro" a Truce of God with Germany until the end of the century. Only recently, when M. Cambon took up his post as French Ambassador in Berlin, the Emperor declared, in answer to his address, that "to establish an understanding between our two great nations, both of

whom are able, and destined, to spread civilisation among the peoples of the world, is an aim, the accomplishment of which is worthy of the efforts of all high-minded persons in France and Germany." The Kaiser's policy of appeasement has not failed. Those who followed closely the Morocco crisis of 1911, and know what went on at that time between Paris and Berlin, do not need to be assured that a Franco-German *rapprochement* is far from being beyond the bounds of possibility.

Still, it remains true that the Kaiser believes in armaments. "*Si vis pacem, para bellum*" is his guiding rule. What, then, becomes, it may be asked, of his pacifism? The inconsistency is perhaps real, but it is not as great as it appears to be. The Kaiser himself has furnished the clue. Two years ago he publicly identified himself with the opinions expressed in an article in the "*Deutsche Revue*," entitled "Modern War." The writer was Count von Schlieffen, a former Chief of the German General Staff. Roughly, the Count's ideas were those of the late M. de Bloch, though he gives the argument a different turn. The colossal growth of armies and armaments has made war impossible among the leading nations. "Armies have become so big, and weapons so powerful," wrote Count Schlieffen, "that a war between equally matched States opens up a prospect of unparalleled cruelty and enormous waste; the monetary loss would be counted in millions, and the sacrifice of life by the hundred thousand; economic life would be paralysed." In these circumstances, no great nation dare invoke a decision by arms. The wall of fortresses and bayonets that has been drawn across Europe is itself a guarantee of peace. "The arms factories, the gun foundries, the steam-hammers which temper the armor plates, have produced more friendly countenances, and have been the cause of more sincere *rapprochements* than all the Peace Congresses put together." The Kaiser's adhesion to this view does not disturb Herr Fried. He points out that militarism that denies the possibility of war is militarism reduced to absurdity. "The Chief of the General Staff," Herr Fried writes, "considered only the military aspect; but the Emperor must go further. He will examine the situation also from the political side. Perhaps the fact that he has repeatedly emphasised the necessity for a closer agreement between the nations is based upon his understanding of the military situation." Here and now it may be true to say that high armaments create a sort of deadlock of peace; but the burden is already becoming too great; the game cannot be carried on indefinitely; in ten or twenty years the limit of endurance will be reached. The purpose and value of Herr Fried's book is that it shows that the Kaiser is conscious of the problem, and is not unlikely to be the man who will call the nations to their senses.

The Kaiser is again the central figure in Mr. Perris's rapid and comprehensive study of the rise of modern Germany. Mr. Perris does not treat of the Kaiser as a pacifist; this side of his personality seems to have missed him altogether. Otherwise, it is a full and sympathetic character-sketch of this impetuous and susceptible spirit. The Emperor is depicted as a paradoxical blend of the medieval and the ultra-modern. He is the friend of the great captains of industry—of men like Herr Krupp and Herr Ballin; at the same time he is profoundly convinced of the divine mission of the Hohenzollern dynasty. "There is but one master in this country," he has said. "It is I, and I will bear no other." Still, in fairness to the Kaiser, it must be said that he has an equally profound sense of his obligations as monarch. No one even in Germany works so hard at his job. Royalty by right divine, the Kaiser interprets, in word and practice, as "royalty with its onerous duties, its labor and fatigues, which never end; its terrible responsibility before the Creator, of which no man, no Minister, no people can relieve the Prince." No sovereign since our own Charles I. has ever had so high a conception of his office, or has endeavored more faithfully to live up to this ideal of personal sovereignty. After all, as Mr. Perris rightly points out, this notion of divine right is only a harmless vanity. "In his heart, if not openly, the educated German contemplates the pretension to divine right as the Londoner contemplates the Lord Mayor's coach. If Bavarians or Saxons recognise any divine right it is that of their Royal families. The Kaiser holds his position outside Prussia, not by any such ancient tenure, but by recent contract." Upon the Kaiser's exuberances, his over-

swelling rhetoric, his amateur efforts as painter, musician, sculptor, and theologian, Mr. Perris touches gently, and with kindly humor. The frequency, variety, and frankness of the Kaiser's utterances have been matter for satire; but this characteristic has its good side. "It is impossible," writes Mr. Perris, "to imagine so voluble a monarch conspiring as Bismarck conspired." The special merit of Mr. Perris's book, as a study of the Kaiser, is that it portrays him against a background of past and present events, which explain and justify. Its principal fault is that it attempts too much. It is not easy to compress within 500 pages of good-sized type the story of the German people, from the time of the Teuton migrations to the death of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, with studies thrown in of German music, literature, and philosophy. But, as far as the task is possible, Mr. Perris has succeeded admirably. He has a lively and colored style of writing, and is an excellent Liberal.

"England and Germany" is a reproduction in book form of the symposium upon Anglo-German relations which appeared a short time ago in the German review, "*Nord und Sud*," and to which many prominent Englishmen and Germans contributed, among them Lord Haldane, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Herr Basserman, Count Posadowsky, and Count Lichnowsky. Many of these contributions have already appeared in translations in the English press, and may, therefore, be familiar, but they are well worth possessing in a permanent form, if only because they give a complete conspectus of the many aspects of the Anglo-German problem as they are seen by those who, in a great degree, are especially called upon to consider that problem and to seek a solution.

THE AMERICAN INCOMER.

"The Promised Land." By MARY ANTIN. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is sometimes said that America has been less changed by immigration than might have been expected, because she attracts from Europe the same kind of man that she has always attracted. It is true that economic restrictions, and religious or political persecution at home, have been the chief causes that have driven adventurous voyagers across the Atlantic. Even so, there is ample scope for variety; and, in modern times, the variety is complicated by the arrival of hordes of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe, and even from Asia Minor. Just as Goths, Franks, and Vandals swept over Western Europe and settled among the older inhabitants, changing their civilisation, so this motley herd of newcomers to America is transforming the national character. "What if the creature with the untidy beard carries in his bosom his citizenship papers?" asks Miss Antin. "What if the cross-legged tailor is supporting a boy in college who is, one day, going to mend your State Constitution for you? What if the rag-picker's daughters are hastening over the ocean to teach your children in the public schools?" Historians would give much to possess the least fragment of a diary kept by one single Goth in his descent upon Southern Europe. It is worth while for the student of modern affairs to examine Miss Antin's personal record of a Jewish family which lived in Russia, and was driven to emigrate to America.

The autobiography is of interest less for what Miss Antin tells about herself and her own impressions than for what she tells about the various members of her family. She describes, in great detail, the processes of her own mind during the first dozen years of her life before she came to Boston; but it is evident that she has been, to use her own words, too "retrospectively introspective"; much of her later feeling she has read into her earlier life, and the very imagination which gives vividness to her memoir tends to weaken its authenticity. Her boundless enthusiasm for her adoptive country is interesting. But she was an exceptional person, especially favored by her talents and her temperament. It is significant that Boston should have given opportunity to a girl so eager and quick to learn, so ambitious for cultured friendships, so determined, in spite of the squalid Ghetto where she lived, to be associated with the intellectuals of her city. But her account of her father and mother, and her Jewish relatives, is of greater interest; for

here she is more detached in her narrative; her sensibility informs without misleading; and, in describing her father, she is writing of the man who left Russia on his own initiative.

If Miss Antin is the woman whom America can create, it would be worth while to know if her father is the normal type of man whom America attracts. Nothing in the book is more interesting than the passages which reveal the character of this strange visionary. He was the son of a glazier and tinker, a member of the Jewish community living near Polotzk, in the Jewish Pale of Settlement. He belonged to the class which is hated by the orthodox Russian, and oppressed by the Government. "We cheated the Gentiles whenever we dared, because it was the only thing to do. Remember how the Czar was always sending us commands—'You shall not do this, and you shall not do that,' until there was little left that we might honestly do, except pay tribute and die. Here he had us cooped up, thousands of us where only hundreds could live, and every means of living taxed to the utmost." Outcasts from the general life of Russia, denied the advantages of secular education, thrown back upon the society of their co-religionists, they fostered their own superstitions, and were kept in an ignorance which antiquated Judaistic learning did nothing to dispel. Young Pinchus, the author's father, belonged to a family which maintained an unbroken "tradition of honesty and poverty." His own father was chiefly notable for his grumbling; but his gentle mother saw to it that nothing should interfere with the boy's schooling. As a student he prospered. He was marked as a scholar—as one destined to become a Rabbi. And as Hebrew scholarship ranks among the Jews even higher than wealth, the marriage-broker arranged a betrothal with a pretty and well-to-do young woman. All the details of the marriage contract, the betrothal, and the wedding are described with the most vivid realism; and we hear of the indignation of the bride's father when he finds himself charged with a scholarly son-in-law, who is losing his taste for religion. It had been implied in the marriage-bargain that "my father was to study and pray, and fill the house with the spirit of piety, in return for board and lodging and the devotion of his wife and her entire family." His scholarship ceased to inspire him with hunger for the Sacred Books and the ritual of his religion; he was properly reproached by his family; and he made numerous experiments with "paying occupations, for none of which he was qualified." The timely demise of his father-in-law left his wife heir to a sound business, which she was admirably qualified to manage. How Miss Antin's father professionally employed himself we do not know. But it was he who disciplined the children, who took them walking and driving, who told them about the strange parts of Russia which he occasionally visited, and was delighted when little Mashke (Mary) proved so good at her lessons. Mashke's childish religious doubts sank deeper in her when she saw her father deliberately and secretly commit the sin of turning down a lamp on the Sabbath day.

When Miss Antin's mother fell ill, her father proved unable to maintain the business, and they fell into the direst poverty. Always more sanguine than successful, he at length determined to emigrate to America:—

"I know the day when 'America,' as a world entirely unlike Polotzk, lodged in my brain, to become the centre of all my dreams and speculations. . . . Mother brought us a thick letter from father, written just before boarding the ship. The letter was full of excitement. . . . My father was travelling at the expense of a charitable organisation, without means of his own, without plans, to a strange world where he had no friends; and yet he wrote with the confidence of a well-equipped soldier going into battle. The rhetoric is mine. Father simply wrote that the emigration committee was taking good care of everybody, that the weather was fine, and the ship comfortable. But I heard something, as we read the letter together in the darkened room, that was more than the words seemed to say. There was an elation, a hint of triumph, such as had never been in my father's letters before. I cannot tell how I knew it. I felt a stirring, a straining in my father's letter. . . . He saw something—he promised us something. It was this 'America.' And 'America' became my dream."

Mr. Antin (as he has now become) did not grow rich in America. He had not the faculty of growing rich. His narrow knowledge was a useless thing. "He had been endowed at birth with a poor constitution, a nervous, restless temperament, and an abundance of hindering prejudices.

. . . . At the first note of opportunity, he broke away from his prison . . . but some fault of hand, or mind, or temperament led him to failure where other men found success." But if America gave him a meagre supply of bread, it wrought upon his imagination. Here he found what he had never known before—an atmosphere of intellectual freedom. He was astonished at the independence of the worker, the dignity of trade, the familiarity between employer and employee; and, above all, the marvellous fact of free education.

Too old to reap the benefits of education himself, he bade his family follow him to Boston, and, in a day fateful alike to himself and his daughter, he proudly conducted the latter to school, and delivered her to the teacher. "I think Miss Nixon guessed what my father's best English could not convey. I think she divined that, by the simple act of delivering our school certificates to her, he took possession of America."

To Pinchus Antin himself, America, to the last, proved too hard a world for him to conquer. He could scarcely earn the few dollars a week necessary to pay for house and food. But it ministered to his sanguine temperament; it inspired him with hope; and it realised his hopes in the brilliant successes of his clever daughter. If he, the first generation, clogged with the habits and the ignorance of his Russian up-bringing, could do little, she, of the second generation, educated here, inspired with a more than native patriotism, assisted by generous teachers and accessible public persons, could attain all that had been denied to him. She recited her poems on public platforms, and her stories were printed in American journals.

In concentrating attention rather on the career of the father than that of the author, we have taken a liberty with Miss Antin's fascinating book. We have done so, first, because he is the real immigrant, and the interest of immigration is the central interest of the book; and, secondly, it is when she is writing about others than herself that Miss Antin is most successful. It is then that the detached, realistic manner of the Russian is apparent in her style; that the rather flamboyant self-analysis of the American disappears. When she is writing thus she is all alertness, perception, and keen spirituality taking possession of common things. Her writing assumes the quality of literature when she is describing her grandmother, her grandfather, her busy mother, and, above all, this father, whose fine potentialities only became actual in his daughter.

ON MANCHESTER.

"What the Judge Saw." By His Honor JUDGE PARRY. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

JUDGE PARRY has given a somewhat misleading sub-title to his delightful reminiscences: "Twenty-five Years in Manchester, by One Who Has Done It." It naturally suggests a quarter of a century of incarceration amid dismal surroundings, and a happy release. So far is this from being the case, that Judge Parry is an ardent—almost fanatical—Manchester patriot. During these twenty-five years, he came to understand Manchester and its ways, and, still more, to love it. On his return to London, whence he emigrated North as a young man, old friends congratulated him "as if," he says, "I was a pit pony who had just come to the surface after several decades of darkness." The congratulations were misplaced; what struck Judge Parry was the gulf between the South and the North. "Your Peckham and Surbiton Londoner knows, indeed, that there is such a place as Manchester on the map; but, intellectually and spiritually, he is far nearer to New York or Johannesburg." And in his entertaining, gossipy way, by jest, anecdote, and occasional parable, Judge Parry becomes an interpreter; he gives us these independent and forceful Manchester folk just as they live and think, so that, as we turn over the pages, we come gradually, and almost imperceptibly, to understand how it is that Manchester has played so positive and individual a part in our social and political history, and by what qualities she has won her commanding position in world-commerce.

The Manchester man is one of our recognised types; he is not easy to define; but, in the ordinary conception, he is taken as the embodiment of hustle, uncouthness of manner,

and a brutal sort of efficiency. Energetic and efficient he certainly is; and to a Southerner his habit of plain speech seems to border upon incivility. Above all things he is a realist and business-man; and in business there is little room for the external graces. In every concern of life the Manchester man is direct and business-like; he moves straight to his goal. Judge Parry illustrates this characteristic with an amusing parable. Anyone who has ever visited Manchester cannot fail to have been struck by the multitude of heavy "luries," moving slowly and ponderously over the granite setts, and laden high with bales of cotton and merchandise. The "lurry"—a purely Manchester word—is as characteristic of the streets of Manchester as the motor-bus is of those of London. In the "lurry" Judge Parry sees something of the spirit and character of the city whose symbol it is:—

"For the lurry is a carrier of goods from man to man, a four-wheeled middleman, moving in a straight, obstinate course, shoving lighter affairs aside, disputing its right to all the street even with its own municipality and their tramcars, caring little who goes down beneath its hoofs and wheels, so long as the pieces arrive and are sent forth, and that the loads are pressed down and shaken together, and running over, and that business is good."

On the whole, it is not a bad criterion of life; it is not as hard as it sounds. If half the cotton spindles of the world hum throughout Lancashire in obedience to Manchester's behest, and if the district of which Manchester is the capital is the most highly industrialised and densely populated region in the world, it is all due to this directness of aim and unswerving resoluteness. "The gambling trade in bills, no doubt, belongs to London; but the real trade of making, collecting, and selling belongs to Manchester; for Manchester is the place where they do things. . . . And in the past, through the manifestation of this quality, the word Manchester became a synonym for energy and freedom, and the right to do and think without shackles."

Somewhere in this book Judge Parry makes the casual suggestion that a valuable treatise might be written on Manchester and the Manchester spirit. Such a treatise would involve a great deal of work; it would necessitate an historical survey of English politics, home and domestic, for the last hundred years, and a close study of the origin and growth of the modern industrial system. But Judge Parry's vivid and witty stories of Manchester life are better than any treatise; he is like the old traveller whose gossip in the club smoke-room tells us far more than we could ever learn from the histories and geographies.

Manchester gains much from its mere compactness as a community. It is the centre of a vast working population, comparable with that of London, for South-east Lancashire is almost one large town; its far-flung tentacles of commerce keep it in intimate touch with the remotest places of the world; yet it has a distinct communal life. "Everybody knows everybody"; business-man, lawyer, politician, and journalist jostle shoulders every day, and exchange ideas round the same table. "Manchester," says Judge Parry, "is exactly the right size for a dinner-party, and there are enough of all sorts and conditions of workers in it to bring together a really interesting company." London lacks this neighborliness; it is too amorphous and disjointed for communal life. A few days after his arrival in Manchester as a young and obscure barrister, Mr. Parry entered the "Manchester Guardian" circle, and he has some interesting things to say of the great newspaper, for which he afterwards wrote dramatic criticisms and occasional leaders, and of its editor, Mr. C. P. Scott. He was not long in Manchester before he was introduced to the *salon* of the Miss Gaskells in Plymouth Grove, the meeting-place of the "intellectuals." In no ironic spirit, he writes:—

"One reads of the Parisian *salons* of the reign of Louis XV., but one cannot believe that the privilege of attending Madame Geoffrin or Madame Necker could be compared with the honor of an invitation to Plymouth Grove. Art, literature, and the drama were impersonated by the greatest artists, though they were not there as lions to gaze at, but rather as friends of the home. . . . It was a *salon* of Louis XV., conceived in the spirit of Cranford."

From this neighborliness arises a keener sense of citizenship, both local and national, than is possible in London. It is a compelling citizenship, which envelopes even the stranger within the gates, and Manchester has a larger proportion of strangers than any other city, not even excluding London.

"Yiddish, German, Greek, Albanian, Turk, Spaniard, Scot, and even the intractable Celt or Silurian from remote Wales" (writes the author, himself of Welsh blood) "may live in Manchester, and even continue to speak their native tongues; but surely, and by no means slowly, they are kneaded into the common citizen mass." It is easy to understand why the fashionable anti-German agitation finds so little response in Manchester; too many leading Manchester men are Germans. And if, to the average Londoner, Manchester seems to take an uncanny interest in Persia, Morocco, and the Near East, it is because he does not know that Manchester is in perhaps even closer touch with these regions than she is with London, and that she has within her fold many Persian, Moorish, and Levantine citizens.

Judge Parry does not believe that Manchester is played out, or that the day will ever come "when energy, freedom, and the power to do things" will depart from her. Like every other great city, Manchester has her dark places; but "the true Manchester spirit," he declares, "is not dead." The battle still goes on, and though Judge Parry has now left the fighting line—Londoners should read how he killed the motor-bus nuisance—his heart is still with his old comrades. "I had rather," he says, in valediction, "see a New Manchester than a New Jerusalem."

MR. CONRAD'S NEW STORIES.

"**Twixt Land and Sea.**" By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Dent. 6s.)

THE triumph of Mr. Conrad's poetic realism was never, surely, more apparent than in the first of the three stories in "**Twixt Land and Sea.**" The human material of the tale, "A Smile of Fortune," when you come to examine it, is intrinsically of much the same value as the interior of an old barn or stable in a Rembrandt etching; but the chiaroscuro that plays round the sullen heroine, Miss Jacobus, and her enigmatic father, the reticent ship-chandler, has both the intensity and the rich scintillations of the "lighting" of the great Dutch master. In "A Smile of Fortune," Mr. Conrad's philosophic irony concerns itself with the nice adjustment of our obscure impulses and unforeseen emotional departures to the prosaic facts of life. Even as "the marriage of heaven and earth" may be expressed by one of Rembrandt's ragged beggars blinking his crafty eyes in a shaft of golden light, so Mr. Conrad's master mariner's exasperated absorption in the household of the fat, pushing ship-chandler, and his infatuation for his resentful, indolent daughter, serve as a focussing-point for his ironic-poetic vision of life. How does he get these magical effects of sombre beauty out of life's disconcerting mirage, in this narrative of the perversities of existence in "The Pearl of the Ocean," the tropical island which is visited by his merchant captain's ship in quest of a cargo of sugar? It is hard to say. But after closing the story, in which a cargo of rotting potatoes, sold by the accommodating Mr. Jacobus to his daughter's admirer at a high figure, and re-sold by that disillusioned individual at a staggering profit, winds up the drama, we conclude that there is no scene too common, or human manifestation too mean, for Mr. Conrad's handling. Whereas our poets anxiously weed their gardens of all the blossoms of humor, and the humorists hastily flee before the sublime, Mr. Conrad weaves his romantic veils of life's strangeness out of the palpably dirty rags of fact. Not that he colors them, as do the poets, with any gorgeous, imaginative hues. No; his sensitive apprehension is concerned with doing justice to the bodily appearances and force of things, and to the subtle trains of thought and feeling through which all the parts take their humble place in the picture. Accordingly, we find Mr. Conrad's "poetic realism" is a highly complex medium, unfolding innumerable shades of contrast under the changing sky of his feelings. Mr. Jacobus himself remains inscrutable to the last—a sleepy, brooding figure, symbolical of the tragic nullity of his family fortunes, and of the mental isolation that also attends his bored daughter, "snarling and superb," in the languid air of the tropical island. These two portraits, intensely living by the spell they cast upon the reader's imagination, dominate the chiaroscuro of the picture, and are artfully set off by the touches of humor—now gay, now grim—which gleam through the narrative.

The second story, "The Secret Sharer," will probably

prove the most attractive to ordinary taste. A good deal of dramatic incident of an exciting kind forms the warp of the tale, and the very concrete details of the smuggling of a fugitive seaman on board the Liverpool ship "Sephora," becalmed in the Gulf of Siam, by the ship's captain, and his successful concealment from the officers and crew, will seem "unforgettable." The tale is, indeed, very cunningly told, and the nervous tension of the captain, who here again is the narrator, forms the arch that successfully sustains the down-thrust of the artistic edifice. None the less, the quality of atmosphere does not break into beauty, apart from the first and the last few pages. There is scant time, indeed, for the author's philosophic irony and matchless descriptive power to assert themselves in the bustle and fuss of this game of hide-seek. Of course, no English writer would have treated the incident of a murderer's escape from the law with such psychological sympathy, or have invested the action, at the close, with the haunting spell of high beauty.

The relation of the captain (who is new to his ship) with his uneasy crew is also drawn with much humorous fineness; but the full compass of Mr. Conrad's art cannot be divined from this dexterous performance on two minor instruments. The close of the piece, however, gives the author occasion for a rich orchestration of his motive. No one but he would have dared to make the captain-narrator risk both his ship and his future under the mountain-shadow of the Koh-ring, in the midst of reefs and shoals, out of quixotic interest in the unlucky outcast. It is interesting to compare these closing pages, a quotation from which we append, with many of equal fascination in the third story, "Freya of the Seven Isles." It may be that our sense of disappointment in the tragic outcome has led us to magnify a certain lack of psychological truth in two of the characters in the drama; but we confess that both Jasper, the unfortunate lover, whose ship is deliberately cast away on a reef by the malevolence of his rival, Heemskirk, the Dutch naval lieutenant, and Freya's father, old Nielson, appear to us too like actors who have got their parts by study. Heemskirk himself and the fascinating Freya are superbly imagined, and one longs, perhaps out of perversity, for a second drama to be outlined, in which their vital activities should find full scope. Mr. Conrad, however, snaps the thread of both his lovers' fate by the shock of a cruel catastrophe; and, as such things happen in life, his reading of the tragic episode may stand full square against our critical tilting. There are, of course, magnificent moments of emotional tension in the drama. The coloring is warm and rich, and our criticism that the whole is not equal to the parts, and that Freya's death is artistically unconvincing, may lead to controversy. At the same time, both in artistic technique and spiritual versatility, "A Smile of Fortune" is easily first of the three tales. The delicious close, in which we see the sardonic captain resigning command of his ship, rather than face again the awakened heroine and the infernal Mr. Jacobus, who has schemed successfully with the owners for the vessel's return, to carry another cargo of sugar, is diabolically clever.

The second mate had followed me anxiously. I looked on till I felt I could command my voice. "She will weather," I said then, in a quiet tone.

"Are you going to try that, sir?" he stammered out, incredulously.

I took no notice of him, and raised my tone just enough to be heard by the helmsman.

"Keep her good full."

"Good full, sir."

The wind fanned my cheek, the sails slept, the wind was silent. The strain of watching the dark loom of the land grow bigger and denser was too much for me. I had shut my eyes—because the ship must go closer.

She must! The stillness was intolerable. Were we standing still?

When I opened my eyes, the second view started my heart with a thump. The black southern hill of Koh-ring seemed to hang right over the ship, like a towering fragment of the everlasting night. On that enormous mass of blackness there was not a gleam to be seen, not a sound to be heard. It was gliding irresistibly towards us, and yet seemed already within reach of the hand. I saw the vague figures of the watch grouped in the waist, gazing in awed silence.

"Are you going on, sir?" inquired an unsteady voice at my elbow.

I ignored it. I had to go on.

"Keep her full. Don't check her that way. That won't do now," I said, warningly.

Was she close enough? Already she was, I won't say in the shadow of the land, but in the very blackness of it, already swallowed up, as it were, gone too close to be recalled, gone from me altogether.

"Give the mate a call," I said to the young man who stood at my elbow, as still as death. "And turn all hands up."

My tone had a borrowed loudness, reverberated from the height of the land. Several voices cried out together: "We are all on deck, sir."

Then stillness again, with the great shadow gliding closer, towering higher, without a light, without a sound. Such a hush had fallen on the ship that she might have been a bark of the dead, floating in slowly under the very gate of Erebus.

"My God! Where are we?"

It was the mate moaning at my elbow.

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He met Gladstone, and painted the portrait of that statesman, which is now in the Reform Club. This portrait, he reminds us, was "ignominiously rejected" by the Royal Academy. There was another portrait of Gladstone, by the late Frank Holl, in that exhibition, and Mr. Thaddeus is plainly of opinion that the friends of Holl on the Hanging Committee were afraid of the competition! He talked with Count Zeppelin at Wurtemberg; at Monte Carlo he witnessed a railway accident of the kind that one generally sees only in a dream or a melodrama—two trains meeting on a single line, the one throwing the other over an embankment into the sea. The horror of the scene was not mitigated by the fact that the artist and his friend had just contrived to miss one of the trains involved. Liszt, Browning, Whistler, and W. T. Stead were among the notabilities encountered by him. His Whistler stories, which have a familiar ring, show the most aggressive side of that aggressive personality, as viewed by one who was candidly Philistine by comparison; it needed a Philistine to acclaim Landseer as a great animal painter to Whistler! The brief impression of W. T. Stead is sympathetic, that of Browning superficial. Leo XIII. sat to Mr. Thaddeus in Rome; the result was one of his most successful achievements. Pius X. was also among his subjects. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book is that headed "Egypt." Mr. Thaddeus was appointed "Khedivial Court Painter" in 1893, and, in that capacity, painted the portrait of Abbas II. which was sent as a present to Queen Victoria, the painter himself being the bearer of the gift. The Queen returned her "thanks" by the same messenger, declining, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, to break her rule "not to give presents to Indian (*sic*) potentates"—a curious act of tactlessness, which Mr. Thaddeus evidently connects with the political trouble that

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political and literary celebrities who figure in the volume. On the other hand, they give a picture of the changes that have taken place in general society during the past half century. The author is old enough to have heard Peel speak in the House of Commons, to have listened to Dr. Pusey's famous sermon on "Absolution," and to have been lectured by Mark Pattison. A good deal of the book is taken up with Mr. Keibel's life as a schoolboy and an undergraduate (he says that the account of life at Oxford given by Thackeray in "Pendennis" credits the average undergraduate with the possession of more luxuries than he really enjoyed) and with his efforts to get a footing in journalism. His first real success was with the "Saturday Review," and at one of the annual dinners he met Beresford Hope, Sir William Harcourt, Charles Austin, and Lord Morley. But in those days Mr. Keibel was as familiar with money-lenders as with politicians. About the former he has some diverting pages, for in spite of the inconvenience they caused him, he claims that they are not nearly so bad as they are painted. The book, as we have said, gives no account of any notable happenings, but it is written in an engaging style, and it will give pleasure to those who like to contrast our own manners and habits with those of our fathers.

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"The Viceroy of Ireland." By CHARLES O'MAHONY. (Long. 16s. net.)

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* * *

"William the Silent." By JACK COLLINGS SQUIRE. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is inevitable that Mr Squire should challenge comparison with Miss Ruth Putnam, whose biography of William the Silent in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, itself a condensation of her larger and authoritative work, we reviewed on March 9th last. In that notice we said that, except for its lack of the heroic touch, Miss Putnam's later volume fulfils every requirement of the perfect monograph. Mr. Squire's book is not on the same level as Miss Putnam's, but it has the quality in which the latter is wanting. It brings forward the heroic side of William, and gives us a vivid and dramatic account of his career. The relief of Leyden, and the story of William's assassination at Delft, for example, to take two episodes to which Miss Putnam does less than justice, are told by Mr. Squire in a spirited style that grips the reader and carries him along to the climax. Moreover, Miss Putnam felt it necessary to give up large sections to the general history of the period, while Mr. Squire concentrates attention on the chief characters, with William himself as the protagonist. The consequence is that the volume before us is better suited to the general reader, and though Miss Putnam's book is of far more value to students, those who have but a slight acquaintance with the history of the sixteenth century can read Mr. Squire's biography with greater satisfaction.

* * *

"The Enthusiasts of Port-Royal." By LILIAN REA. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE are so many elements of attraction in the religious movement of which the Convent of Port-Royal

became the centre, that it is not difficult to understand the interest it still evokes and the attention it wins from writers who view it from very varying standpoints. Royer-Collard wrote that the man who did not know Port-Royal did not know humanity, and the sceptical Sainte-Beuve devoted seven volumes to its history. It cannot be said that Miss Rea deals adequately with her subject, despite the formidable list of authorities which she appends to her volume. Her attitude is far too uncritical, and she is, to some degree, overwhelmed by her material. This is a pity, for the recent works of M. Fortunat Strowski and M. Victor Giraud on Pascal, and that of M. Jules Lemaitre on Racine have given freshness to the discussion of many topics connected with the famous abbey. But Miss Rea lacks the art of narrative, and her judgments on the controversies that circled round the movement are scrappy and superficial.

* * *

"Saint Gregory the Great." By Sir HENRY H. HOWORTH. (Murray. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The definite and standard life" of Gregory the Great is, as Sir Henry Howorth acknowledges in his introduction, that published by Mr. F. Holmes Dudden in 1906, and even the general reader will do better to turn to that work than to the volume before us, much as Sir Henry has drawn upon Mr. Dudden. Sir Henry Howorth evidently tries to be fair, but his insistence on certain aspects of Gregory's teaching, and his criticisms of others, betray the controversialist. A writer who finds "much to distress" him in "the theological and dogmatic views" of Gregory, and who elsewhere speaks of the "shibboleths of Athanasius" in regard to the Arian controversy, is perfectly entitled to his feeling; but the biographer who is not also a theologian had better confine himself to a mere statement of Gregory's views than embark on a discussion of them. Sir Henry Howorth has the further disadvantage of writing in a diffuse and wordy style. On the other hand, he has made a study of the authorities, both ancient and modern, for Gregory's life, and he approaches his subject with real admiration. This, combined with his theological attitude, sometimes lands him in at least a seeming contradiction. Thus, in one passage we read, "as Patriarch of the West, his (Gregory's) became the supreme Court of Appeal in matters of morals and discipline," while later on, Sir Henry states that "*primus inter pares* is the position he alone asks for." The two statements are not quite reconcilable, and their form shows the carelessness with which Sir Henry writes. But the book will be found useful by those who want a popular sketch of Gregory's career and influence.

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"Rambles in Somerset." By G. W. & J. H. WADE. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

THIS volume deserves well of the touring public. It deals with a county that is second to none in the variety of its physical features in a way that leaves no doubt as to the thoroughness of the author's explorations; and it is packed, without being burdened, with historical and antiquarian lore concerning the many interesting towns and villages which Somerset possesses, and with plentiful literary allusions. It is by very pleasant roads that we are conducted over the entire county. Bath and Wells, the Fosse Way, and Frome, the Mendips, Bristol, and Glastonbury are among the first places visited in the course of a zig-zag itinerary that lands us finally on Exmoor and the Brendon Hills. Even now, one may note, it is hardly realised that the greater part of Exmoor is in Somerset, not Devon, and that such beauty spots as Dunster, Dulverton, Porlock, and the Doone Valley lie within the former county; the fact is not easy to realise because Exmoor differs so radically in its physical features from the rest of Somerset, alike from the low-lying central plain of Sedgemoor and the precipitous cliffs of Clifton Gorge. We have, it is true, strong geological contrasts in Surrey, Kent, and other counties; but their scale is larger in Somerset, and they are, therefore, more impressive to the average eye. These pages include few facts the accuracy of which might be questioned, but the statement that there are "only a few grouse on Exmoor" should be interpreted as meaning that there are no grouse at all, and the seemingly modest description of Porlock Weir as "a small dock for coasting vessels" is still too flattering for that picturesque but far from utilitarian harbor.

* * *

"T. De Witt Talmage as I Knew Him." By the late T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. With a concluding Chapter by Mrs. T. DE WITT TALMAGE. (Murray. 12s. net.)

THERE is some hint of criticism in the words, "popular preacher," and this autobiography of Dr. Talmage contains much that will repel the fastidious. But it is in its own way a human document and it shows us Talmage both in his strength and his weakness. A florid style, combined with an over-familiar manner, and a capacity for taking himself and his own doings with the utmost seriousness, may have helped rather than hindered him in the pulpit, and perhaps we may say the same of his refusal even to recognise the problems of criticism which exercised the scholar of his generation. But Talmage also possessed a sympathetic temperament and a burning faith in his own interpretation of Christianity. These, together with the astounding wealth of imagery of which he was a master, account for the great influence which he had upon the mass of religious people in his own country. He speaks in the present volume of the

many famous people whom he met—Ruskin, Gladstone, and Stanley among them—and of the many-sided activities that filled his life. Although his business was with words, he was essentially a man of action and of movement, and not the least remarkable fact about this man who, both as a preacher and a journalist, had so great an influence, is that he had not the inclination, and possibly not the capacity, to become acquainted with anything more than the superficial aspects of the thought of the day, even in his own special subject—theology.

* * *

"Home Rule from the Treasury Bench." With Introduction by the Right Hon. H. H. ASQUITH, M.P. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is significant that, in this collection of the speeches made by Ministers during the First and Second Reading debates on the present Home Rule Bill, the two most valuable should be concerned almost wholly with exposition of the features of the Bill, and scarcely at all with the moral principles that are behind it. Sometimes, in reading them, we long for a breath of the moral passion which Gladstone brought into the discussion of Anglo-Irish politics as a relief from the monotonous common-sense of the Federalism of to-day. At the same time, we do not wish to say anything that could be regarded as a disparagement of Mr. Herbert Samuel's masterly exposition of Home Rule finance during the First Reading debate. In that, and in Mr. Asquith's First Reading speech, we have summaries and elucidations of the Government's Home Rule proposals, which, in their own kind, could scarcely be surpassed. The most original and arresting contribution to the debates, of course, was Mr. Churchill's "modern eye" speech. Our chief criticism on that remarkable speech would be that it was, in places, too much in the nature of a plea for Home Rule on the ground that Home Rule had ceased to be a question of the first importance. It is natural, we suppose, when the opposition to a measure has, for the most part, ceased to be real, that its supporters should also go into the battle more coolly than of old. But, even if the issue of the battle is comfortably certain, the battle itself remains none the less a battle for a great cause—a battle for the extension of human liberty. Liberals have only to realise this in order to revive throughout the country the old fires of Gladstonian enthusiasm. The speeches in the present book are disappointing, because they are appeals to common-sense rather than to conscience. Common-sense on fire with conscience is the mood in which we should like to see the Home Rule question approached by statesmen. It would be good for oratory, as well as for politics.

* * *

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* * *

"Captain Cartwright and His Labrador Journal." Edited by C. W. TOWNSEND, M.D. (Williams & Norgate. 5s. net.)

CAPTAIN CARTWRIGHT'S "Labrador Journal" was published in three large quarto volumes in 1792, and it now appears in an abbreviated form, with some footnotes and an introduction by Dr. Townsend. The book is well worth presenting to modern readers. Coleridge was delighted with its strange simplicity, and Southey says that Cartwright's campaigns among the foxes and beavers interested him more

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THE SIXTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of this Company was held on Tuesday, the 22nd inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street. Mr. G. B. Dodwell, the Chairman of the Company, presided.

Before commencing the proceedings, the Chairman said it was his melancholy duty to record the death, which took place last week, of their esteemed colleague, Mr. Edward Murray Slater, who had rendered valuable and devoted service to the Company.

Dealing with the report and accounts, the Chairman said they would notice that, during the year under review, they had harvested 1,074,906 pounds of rubber, which had realised an average price of 4s. 11½d. per pound. At the early part of the year, he had visited, for the second time, several of the estates, and his observations confirmed the encouraging report which the local management had sent home. He was certain they would be pleased to hear that the health conditions on the estates had greatly improved, and that the factories, &c., were in excellent condition. They were able to congratulate themselves on the present output of rubber, and he estimated that the production for the present year would be in excess of 2,000,000 pounds. In Malacca they possessed an excellent staff, and he was certain the shareholders approved of the bonus which had recently been granted to them, particulars of which appeared in the report.

Dealing with the resolution in the report respecting increase of the capital to £1,000,000 sterling, the Chairman stated that they had to consider the broad question of whether it was desirable or not to place themselves in readiness for the extension of their operations. He considered, however, they should not hesitate to support what would be a prudent and orderly development. The directors, however, would not entertain any fresh business upon terms or conditions which would tend in any way to weaken the power of the Company to pay dividends.

After reviewing their general position and prospects, the Chairman suggested that the trade in rubber tyres was only in its infancy, and also that the trade in rubber goods other than tyres was capable of great extension if manufacturers could be assured of stability in prices. The Chairman also referred to the much-debated question of selling plantation rubber by public auction, and concluded by moving the adoption of the reports and the accounts. Mr. J. A. H. Jackson seconded the motion, and, after the Chairman had replied to some questions, the motion was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Dodwell and Mr. Jackson were re-elected directors, and Mr. Charles Emerson was made a member of the Board.

The Chairman then proposed the resolution respecting the increase of the Company's capital. This was seconded by Mr. J. Malcolm Lyon. After some remarks by shareholders, the resolution was declared carried, there being only three dissentients.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors terminated the proceedings.

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Russian 5 p.c., 1906	103½	103½
Turkish Unified	81	78

THE Stock Exchange and Money Market have both got the idea that it would be best, in a financial sense, for the Turks to beat off their assailants. They have not perhaps reflected that Turkish victories would almost certainly inflame Pan-Slav feeling in Russia. Certainly, it is this fear of an extension of the war that accounts for the general "bearishness." Prices have fallen in many cases to attractive levels, owing to forced liquidation by large speculators in Paris, Berlin, Brussels, and Glasgow, to mention only a few weak spots. In Glasgow, I am told, a very rich man found himself in difficulties, and heavy sales of mining shares had to be effected, in order to disentangle him. The American Market, in spite of "bull" syndicates, has bowed to the storm. Our next Stock Exchange settlement will, it is feared, be a very disagreeable one. Things are worse, perhaps, than in the Morocco crisis, and on Thursday the rise in the market rate of discount suggested the possibility of another rise in the official minimum from 5 to 6 per cent. A 6 per cent. rate would be very severe medicine, though one recalls that a dose of 7 per cent. had to be administered during the American crisis five years ago. Trade, however, both here and in the United States, is still at full stretch, and, but for the nervous apprehensions of a bigger war as a sequel to this one, merchants and financiers would probably set the Italian Peace against the Balkan War, and take quite a cheerful view of business. It may be noticed that the war stocks have been fairly steady during the week, and so have gilt-edged securities. In times like these, investors become cautious and timid, and declare that, after all, Consols are safer than most things. Which is true.

ARGENTINE RAILWAYS.

The Argentine railways do not present a good showing for the year which closed on June 30th last, but in only one case, the Buenos Ayres and Pacific, is the rate of dividend below expectation. The improvement of ½ per cent. in the rate last year created an impression that the corner was turned; the postponement of the interim dividend was thought to be merely a conservative action on account of the strike and the declaration of only 2 per cent. for the whole year, against 3½ per cent. last time, is, therefore, a great disappointment. All the lines show lower receipts in proportion of their mileage, and it is the reduced density of traffic which has raised the relative cost of working, while, at the same time, the charges against net revenue, owing to the capital expenditure on the extensions, has reduced the margins available for ordinary dividends. To meet this dwindling tendency of net receipts the companies have been cutting down renewal appropriations, which—thanks to their sounder financial positions by comparison with the Home Railways—they are able to do without difficulty, all having accumulated substantial funds. The broad results of the three big lines which, up to the present, have published their reports are summarised below:—

		Central Argentine.	B.A. Gt. Southern.	B.A. Western.
Mileage	1910-11	2,64½	3,044	1,586
"	1911-12	2,870	3,380	1,659

		£	£	£
Gross Receipts ...	1910-11	5,420,448	4,988,380	2,634,186
" ...	1911-12	5,223,815	5,404,096	2,425,682
" Expenses " ...	1910-11	3,009,077	2,694,027	1,392,318
" ...	1911-12	2,929,923	3,016,868	1,339,517
Net Receipts ...	1910-11	2,411,371	2,294,353	1,241,868
" ...	1911-12	2,293,892	2,387,228	1,086,165
Expense " Ratio ...	1910-11	55.5%	54.0%	52.9%
" " ...	1911-12	56.1%	55.8%	55.2%

The Great Southern's figures compare with a very bad year, but the Central and Western have been hit by the respective failures of the maize and wheat crops in their respective districts. The Great Southern, however, has been hard put to it to meet the rise in working expenses, due to the increased mileage, so as to leave enough for the higher fixed charges, which cost £118,000 more. Next year the fixed charges will be higher as some of the capital on which interest was paid out of capital in the past year will become chargeable on revenue. Also £2,500,000 of extension shares, now receiving 4 per cent., will rank as ordinary stock and, if the 7 per cent. dividend is maintained, will require £75,000 more net revenue. The Western has had to cut down its appropriations to renewals which are made through working expenses. No less than £170,000 has been saved in comparison with last year by this means, and another £135,000 by omitting to place anything to reserve. Actual expenses of operation increased £116,000, of which about £30,000 was under "traffic expenses," £20,000 under maintenance of way, £13,000 under maintenance of locomotives, and £20,000 under locomotive running expenses. The line, therefore, has not been starved, but its reserves of strength in the matter of renewals have been drawn upon. In the case of the Western comparison is made with a very good year, and in the Great Southern with a bad year, and curiously enough, the prices of the two stocks are very nearly the same. The amalgamation should be beneficial in every way if the conditions exacted by the Argentine Government are reasonable. Below are the prices and yields on the chief stocks of the four lines:—

	Div. Per cent.	Price.	Yield. £ s. d.
B.A. Pacific Ord.	2	87	2 7 0
" 2nd Pref.	5	100	5 2 0
" Arg. G.W. Ord.	5	102½	5 0 0
B.A. Western Ord.	7	126	5 13 9
" Pref. (£10)	5	12	4 3 3
B.A. Gt. Southern Ord.	7	126	5 13 9
" Pref.	5	119	4 5 6
Central Argentine Ord.	6	110	5 12 3
" Pref.	4½	104½	4 8 0

Westerns and Great Southern give the same yield—5 11-16 per cent., but for steadiness of future dividends the Central Argentine, with a slightly lower return, is to be preferred. B.A. Pacific has kept up well considering the dividend disappointment, and holders evidently have great faith in the future. Argentine Great Western Ordinary is guaranteed 5 per cent. *pari passu* with B.A. Pacific preference. The dividend on it is still covered by £200,000 per annum, and it gives a well secured 5 per cent., with a chance of 6 per cent. if the B.A. Pacific dividend ever gets up to 7 per cent. again.

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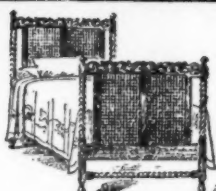
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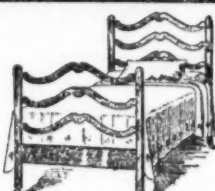


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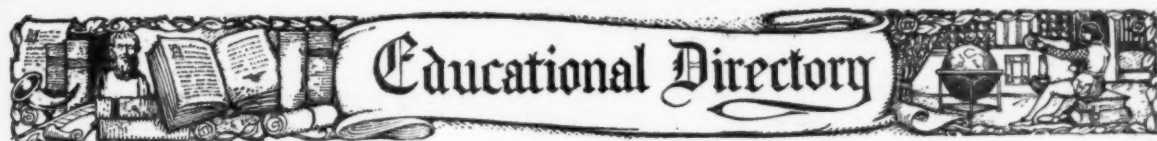
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